

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

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EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner

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KING EDWARD VII, AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA,

WHOSE CORONATION WILL TAKE PLACE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON, ON JUNE 26th.

(See article page 5.)

Need of Prayer.

An old saying is, "The proof of the pudding is in eating it." I find to-day more than ever there is a great need of Christians giving more time to earnest prayer. I truthfully believe the reason so many of God's people get lukewarm and become useless in this service, is because in times of prosperity they neglect to pray.

Personally, I found when dark clouds have hung over me, and I have been driven to my knees to pray for grace to overcome, it has made me so much stronger afterwards, and what I thought at first to be hard and cruel has turned out to be a very handsome jewel to my soul.

I have found a few jewels written. I believe, by men of prayer, and would like to see them printed in the War Cry for the benefit of the readers.—G. P. Thompson, Eusign.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour
Spent! Thy presence will prevail to make!
What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!
What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!
We kneel—and all around us seems to lower.
We rise—and all the distant and the near
Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.
We kneel—how weak: we rise—how full of power.

Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong
Or others—that we are not always strong?
That we are ever overborne with care;
That we should ever weak or heartless be;
Anxious or troubled, while with us is prayer.
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee?

—Archbishop Trench.

Our boldness for God before the world must always be the result of individual dealing with God in secret. Our victories over self, and sin, and the world, are always first fought when no eyes see but God's. If we are not these secret confidants, well may we not have any open ones. The outward absence of conflict betrays the inward sleep of the soul.—F. Whittle.

Our prayers often resemble the mischievous tricks of town children, who knock at their neighbor's door and then run away: we often knock at heaven's door and then run off into the spirit of the world; it stand of waiting for entrance and in we, we act as if we were afraid of having our prayers answered.—Williams.

We are often surprised at the outward calmness of men who are called upon to do important and most trying deeds; but could we have seen them in secret, we should have known the moral preparation which they underwent before coming out to be seen by men. Be right in the sanctuary if you would be right in the market-place. Be steadfast in prayer, if you would be calm in affliction. Start your race from the throne of God himself, if you would run well, and win the prize.—Joseph Parker.

Oh, do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers, pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work will be no miracle. And when you will wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Labor is of noble birth; but prayer is the daughter of heaven. Labor has a place near the throne, but prayer touches the golden sceptre. Labor, Martha-like, is busy with much serving, but prayer sits with Mary at the feet of Jesus. Labor climbs the mountain peak with Moses, but prayer soars upward with Elijah in a chariot of fire. Labor has the raven's wing, yet sometimes goes forth in vain, and prayer has the pinions of the dove, and

never returns but with the olive-leaf of blessing.—Spurgeon.

WHAT DO YOU CONDEMN?

"Whereth thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself: for thou that judgest doest the same things." As a rule, persons are readiest to condemn harsh faults or offenses of which they themselves are most liable. Persons like, too, charitably lenient, on wrong-doers who are quite outside of their own sphere of thought, and feel, and temptation. But when their pet fault or failing, perhaps known to themselves, or perhaps unknown, is observed in another, at once they are, roused and indignant. None are readier to share in a mob for lynching an evil-doer than those who have been guilty of a similar offence, or are constantly fighting the temptation to do so. If we all realized this truth, we should be less prone to disclose our weakness and failings by our harsh judgments of other offenders.

The devil is not worrying over the preacher who puts more rhetoric than Christianity into his sermons.



To prevent flat irons sticking when ironing, add a little turpentine to the hot starch.

Aples can be kept for a long time by coating them with a solution of three parts sugar and one part glycerine.

Do not allow a sponge to always remain damp. Place it from time to time in the sun. It will then retain its elasticity.

Preserves can be kept from setting mouldy by putting a few drops of glycerine round the edges of the jar before covering.

For stiff Windows.—When windows are difficult to open or close, rub the cords with soft soap, when they will run smoothly.

A good way to utilize old stockings and other knitted goods, is to rip out the wool, which makes a splendid elastic stuffing for cushions, pillows, etc.

Maidenhair fern for flower-glasses should have the stalks put into a jug of boiling water, and should be allowed to stand until cold. It will last very much longer.

People often find a difficulty in keeping chimney eggs from cracking while boiling. This can be remedied by throwing a small quantity of salt into the water before putting in the egg.

To prevent this material from being dragged by the sewing machine, put a strip of stiffish paper under it. When sewn the paper tears off easily, and may be used with the most delicate fabrics.

A Use for Oyster Shells.—To clean the fire-brick of the stove, lay a number of shells on the top of not coals, and when the fire burns down it will be found that all the clinkers have sealed off the bricks.

A Substitute for an Ironing Board.—If you do not possess a proper ironing board, smooth the ironing blanket and sheets across a common table, pin or tack on either side. This will be as smooth as any billiard table.

Lemon for the Skin.—Lemon-juice and magnesia, if applied to rough hands, render the skin beautifully white and soft. A teaspoonful of lemon-juice in warm water is an excellent remedy for stained finger-nails.

To save damping and to increase the wear of children's stockings, a piece of cloth-shoulder at the heel of their shoes. This will prevent the shoes slipping at the heel, and will add to the comfort of the little wearer.

Fresh orange-peel thrown into water before it is to be used, imparts a pleasant fragrance and also softens it.

Those who do not like boiled cabbage, or want a new way of serving it, may try this way: Pull off the outer leaves until you come to those that are crisp and white. Pull them off and serve them with a mayonnaise as you would lettuce.

A delicate preparation of oatmeal that an invalid will enjoy requires that the cereal shall be boiled first for an hour, as if it were to be served for breakfast. Remove from the fire and stir it through the day. Add a little milk and cook it very slowly in a double boiler for half an hour longer. When perfectly smooth, flavor with salt, and add a very little cream before serving.

A fried egg that is left when a meal is over, becomes a useless remnant no longer available for food. Yet cold fried or caramelized eggs may be chopped and mixed with minced meat, to the latter's great improvement. Cold poached eggs, too, that are not broken, can be returned to the water and boiled hard to be used for garnishing, or to mix with salad.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.

The will of God respecting us, is that we shall live by each other's happiness and life, not by each other's misery. The child which we have to die for its parents; but the purpose of heaven is that it should rather live for them, that not by its sacrifice, but by its strength, its joy, its force of being, it shall be to them renewal of strength, and as the arrow in the hand of a giant. So it is in all other right relations. Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. They are not intended to play themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves for each other.—John Ruskin.

Measure your plans by a line that will reach across the next world.

The will of Christ ought to be more to you than the good will of your neighbors.

God alone can change us. Others can only bring out what is in us.

The happiest people in this world are those who are at rest from themselves and at work for others.

Missionary Fields—Java.

By CAPT. F. BILL.

Java is a small island, only six hundred miles long, and from sixty to one hundred and twenty in width, and has a population of twenty-eight million. It has, in fact, earned such names as "the Eden of the East," "the Pearl of the East," and it is from any way you care to look at it, the most interesting tropical island in the world; and, verily, if it was only a Christian country, it would be a veritable paradise in all its fulness; but, sad to relate, the millions who live in this small island know nothing whatever about the God whose handiwork is to be seen on every side.

The nominal faith of the Javanese is Mohammedanism, but in a very wild, jelly-fish order, but, at the same time, they are all priest-riden. Only occasionally is seen that familiar scene to all Anglo-Indians, and those who have lived in other Mohammedan countries, of men of all grades, praying at the roadside, or in their shops. I believe, if they were only a little more fanatical, and stronger in their faith, we, the "Bala-Keslemanet," would have a greater hold upon them.

Mohammedanism was first introduced to Java about the year 1450; replacing the old Hindoo-Brahmin faith, and there are still standing large towns and temples throughout the country, showing the fact that the Brahminical and Buddhist faith had before the Mohammedan invasion. The most celebrated of these temples is the Boro-Boedoe, which was built during the eighth and ninth centuries, and is purely Buddhist in style; this mammoth ruin compares favorably with anything of the kind in Britisch-India, and for an individual temple eclipses those beautiful ruins at Mahabharat (seven pagodas) in the Madras territory, where the writer has spent many happy days, studying those antique carvings.

By the blessing of God and His help, may a little Army be the means of building up monuments that will for ever stand as an evidence of a living religion, and not a dead one.

The Island of Volcanoes.

Java is also called the island of volcanoes, there being about thirty-five, and many of them ranging from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet. At present there are not many that are in active operation, but when they do burst out, they cause tremendous havoc and desolation. It is on the one hand, but on the other, evidence of the uncertainty of an eruption, when the Kloet belched forth hundreds of millions of tons of lava, ashes, and stones, and with it summoning before their Maker hundreds of unprepared souls. And it is but a year or so ago we saw hundreds swept away at Seram, and without a moment's notice a tidal wave rolled in, during the dead of night, and hundreds had to stand before their God.

But the worst eruption of recent years was when the volcanic island of Krakatoa was burst asunder, causing a tidal wave which swept away in the west of Java over 36,000 people, to say nothing of the lives lost in the island itself. One would think, with such terrible warnings, that people would realize there was a living God, who not only controlled the universe, but also was longing to control their lives, if they would come to Him.

Although only some four hundred miles from the equator, our island home is not hot, for, as it is so narrow, we get the full benefits of the breezes from the Indian Ocean. We really want the weather, then we must return to America. Here at Poerworedjo, about seven miles as the crow flies from the above-named ocean, it is quite cool, and I appreciate my rug at night, and when I have my bath in the morning, think twice before pouring the water over me. So don't think and sympathize with us because we are melting away on account of the heat. You have only to see Major Cummins, and others officers here, and I can imagine a lot of my readers saying, "I would like to go to Java." True, we do not experience the gaseous cold weather that you are blessed with, for ours is a never-ending summer.

but the temperature rarely goes over ninety degrees; and furthermore, we do not have those long seasons of dry weather, like other tropical countries, consequently we do not see the parched, burn-up wastes of country that are so often met with in the land we have left.

Everything is green, and many of the mountains are cultivated right up to the summit, for nearly all the available ground is utilized. Of course, there are still large tracts of jungle to be cleared away, but they are mostly away from any railway.

The Capital.

In coming from Batavia to the east of Java, we have to pass through Buitenzorg, about eight hundred feet above the sea. The Governor-General has his residence here, but Buitenzorg is known throughout the civilized world for one thing. Its Botanical gardens, being the finest and undisputedly the best in the world. Consequently, it is the show piece of the island, and no one can say they have really known Java until they have gone through it.

From Buitenzorg the railway commences its circuitous journey through the mountains, and the scenery is amongst the finest in the world, at times resembling the western ghats

way along the precipitous mountain tracks. In the distance you see men, women, and children, quickly transplanting the rice from the seedbeds, while everywhere is to be seen the big, grayish water buffalo, the beast of burden in this country. Often he is sporting in the muddy creeks, with his nose just out of the water, or leisurely browsing in the fields, with a sturdy, brown little fellow perched on his back, arrayed in Nature's own garb. Truly all this goes to make up a most wonderful panorama.

After traveling for nine hours, we once more get into the plains, and then run through rolling land, and later on tobacco plantations, with the big drying sheds studded all over the place. What does Java not grow? Well, let the horticulturist and agriculturist come and find out. Of course, cocoanuts, bananas, and palmfronds are on every side, but we are rich in fruits. True, we miss apples, etc., but have in the place of them mangos, jack, breadfruit, mangosteen, ramboean, langsat, doekoe, paupiah, custard apples, oranges, pomelo, souring, and doerians, which are just coming in. You will notice the latter three or four times before you like them, and for a beginner it is admirable to try when they have a cold, so that you cannot smell them. I am told that they smell worse than any rotten eggs—but I was not in the work in the early days.

No Faint Hearts Wanted.

It is not for Java's beautiful scenery or luscious fruits that I like the coun-

C.P.R. Depot, Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

The Voice of God.

By R. B. B. R.

"Arise: Ho calleth for thee." Not only were these words spoken when Jesus was upon the earth, and called the blind man, restoring unto him his sight, but every listening soul hears the voice of God to-day. I shall ever remember the Sunday night a long time over three years ago, that I first listened to His voice, calling me to make His my choice.

Some time after this I realized that not all God wanted me to be, and with many others I knelt at the persistent foot in a holiness meeting, seeking a clear heart, which I received. It was at this particular time that the above words were uttered into my heart by the Holy Spirit: "Rise; He calleth for thee." I did not need a messenger to tell me. I heard the voice distinctly, and the words were burned into my very being until I could not get rid of them.

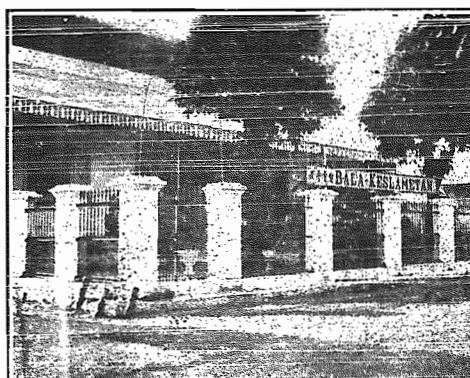
Circumstances were against me, friends opposed me, but the work was marked out for me, and what was I to do? To disobey the voice of God and be idle, or obey and be saved? The meeting was over, and I sat on my knees, alone with God. I settled it all. I would be His, whatever the cost. Many friends took their stand against me, but God was on my side, and I did not fear what others might say. The way was very dark at first, but I have proved that "behind a frowning Providence He hides a smiling face," and my testimony is summed up in the words of the beautiful chorus—

"I have pleasure in His service.
More than all, more than all."

Reader, has the voice of God spoken to you? If so, don't turn a deaf ear to His tender voice. Are you not sure it is the voice of God? Listen again, do you hear it? If so, quickly arise and obey. Delays are dangerous! God has blessed you at least with one talent. Are you willing to use it in the Master's service? If not, it may be taken from you. Remember the parable of old, when a talent unused was taken from one and given to him which had ten talents. One reason why we have not got many big soldiers to-day is because their faith to use talents God gave them. A little incident comes to me, while writing, of a young man who got saved in one of our meetings: at first he was always in his place in the open-air and on the platform. He ran well for a time, and eventually sent in his application and offered himself for the field. Then the devil suggested something to him to secure again the things he had once put aside. He hearkened to the devil and was soon a tramp again, and today a miserable backslider. Take warning, reader. Listen to the voice of God, and obey at all cost.

Search yourself before you censure another.

Care is the stumbling-block in the pathway of happiness.



The Army Headquarters at Semarang, Java.

during the south-west monsoon; then running through coffee, tea, and cinchona plantations, which are situated on the slopes of the mountains, while away as far as the eye can see are terraces of rice fields, of all shades of green, rippling in the sun, which, while we now stand, we come upon clumps of bamboos, the fine, silvery, feathery white, together with the solid giants, which are rich in blessing to the people of this land, for it is hard to say what they are not used for. While we are admiring the ever-changing scenery, we are surely, but very slowly, climbing up the mountains. We have gone round about the Salak, and between the Gedé, mountains of seven thousand and ten thousand feet, until reaching Soekaboomi, which means the desire of the world. This town is two thousand feet high.

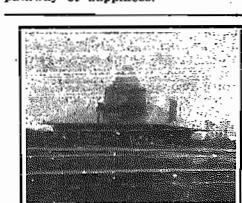
Exquisite Scenery.

As we look out of the train we can see across the land to the hills we travelled over some time before, and at times we can look up and see bridges spanning deep ravines, and we wonder how we are to get there. All the time the two engines are puffing and snorting, taking us round all kinds of sharp corners, displaying to our view scenes that people have come thousands of miles simply to see. Rivers and ravines are passed, filled with nearly every known palm, fern, and orchid. No place can describe such scenery, when it is touched up by Nature. Look down that gully, and you see the trees stunted in all their beauty, while all carry heavy loads on their backs, while pack ponies pick out their

try, but to be the means of winning a few of its many millions for God. Oh, my precious comrades, don't let the devil persuade you that it is an unheeded, worthless country (what a stumbling-block that word for sign is to so many!), that it swarms with tigers, rhinoceros, panthers, wild buffaloes and large snakes; for they are all things of the past. None of us have seen any; if you are afraid of a mosquito bite, stay away, but Java does want men and women who are really filled and have the assurance of God's love in their hearts for the beaten, and who are prepared to give their lives for the salvation of the Chinese (ourselves) is chiefly amongst the Chinese at present). Java and Malaya. There are periods of disappointment, discouragements, financial difficulties, and sickness to be faced; there are no easy "goes" in Java, so it does not want faint hearts, but, oh, we do want, and we cannot do without, those who really love these millions. Fancy, my comrades, twenty-eight millions who know not God. Who will come and help us? Oh, that I could picture to you the sin and vice that abounds on every side, and the ignorance these people live in! I am sure Jesus would say, "Send me," and then you would place God's call and your claims before our beloved Leader. Come and help us, and God will give you your reward.

Love had rather serve Christ in a dungeon than Satan in a palace.

Purity opens the way to a world of gladness.



C.P.R. Depot, Regina, N.W.T.

The Way of the WORLD

Canada.

A nugget weighing over nineteen pounds, the biggest recorded in the Yukon, was found in Bonanza Creek. Its estimated value is \$3,000.

Louis Pouquette was hanged at Kamloops for the murder of Fred Legere.

Two fatalities took place at Point St. Charles, Que., G.T.R. Drivers John Rowan and Timothy Kehoe being killed.

Frost is reported to have done considerable damage in Hamilton and London districts.

Thomas Casben, of St. Catharines, was working in a trench when the earth caved in. He died soon after being taken out.

Dan Macdonald, Jennie Marsland, and Sarah Kerr were arrested at Chatburn on suspicion of having set fire to a building that the two women had occupied as a dressmakers' shop.

A young son of Mr. James Matthews, of Orangeville, slipped in boarding a train, and was run over and killed.

A meeting of the manufacturers was held in Berlin, Ont., to discuss the question of obtaining power from Niagara Falls at western Ontario points.

The iron bridge, at Portneuf, Que., and four small wooden bridges were washed away during a storm. The loss is \$20,000.

H. A. Matheson, of Whitton, Que., as shot and killed by his nine-year-old son, and a Coroner's jury returned a verdict of self-defence.

The propeller Ocean ran into and smashed No. 2 gate in the Lachine Canal, and the water carried away No. 1 gate. The propeller was washed out into the harbor and damaged by collision with the Allan Liner Parisian.

On the arrival at Halifax of the West India Line steamer Beta, from Bermuda, Sergt. John Lynch was arrested by the military authorities. He was charged with desertion and embezzlement of \$300 from the office of the District Paymaster at Bermuda. He will be taken back for trial.

Mrs. F. W. Patton, wife of the Inter-colonial station agent at River Philip, was accidentally shot dead at Oxford, N.S., by a boy who was playing with a gun.

Henderson's shingle and rotary mill, at Campbellton, N.B., was destroyed by fire. Loss \$5,000, partially covered by insurance.

Up to time of writing one hundred and seventeen bodies have been recovered from No. 2 and No. 3 mines at Fernie, B.C., the scene of the recent terrible explosion. Nine bodies yet remain in the mines.

In a dispute in a Windsor billiard room Angus McLeod knocked William Dalton down with a cue. Dalton may not recover, and McLeod is under arrest.

A collision is reported between an unknown steamer and the barge Gleniffer, which she had in tow. The Captain's wife, Mrs. C. Moore, was drowned, and Archie Myser, of Windsor, is also missing, supposed to be drowned.

James S. Kelly, mate of the steam-barge Clinton, was drowned at Garden Island.

The Pavilion, in the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, has been destroyed by fire. The loss to the city is estimated at \$44,500, for which there is an insurance amounting to \$22,250. Many Army meetings have been held under its roof, the last being the Free Xmas Dinner last winter.

America.

Seven persons were drowned during a gale at New York.

Snow is reported near Hossick Falls, N.Y.

Harry Tracy and David Merrill escaped from penitentiary at Salem, Ore., killing three guards with a rifle.

Thirteen persons lost their lives in a fire that destroyed an inebriate hospital at Chicago.

A riot broke out at Edwardsville, Ill., between several hundred striking moulder and non-union employees of the American Steel and Foundry Co., and two negroes, non-union workers, and three white strikers, were shot, two of the latter fatally. A trainload of negroes was imported by the Steel Company to replace strikers.

Among the passengers who arrived per steamer Madlana, from Bermuda, were Manuel E. Ledeo and Ben Benson, two survivors of the steamer Roraima, which was wrecked at the time the City of St. Pierre, Martinique, was destroyed by the volcanic eruptions of Mont Pelee.

Wm. Dowd, said to be the leader of a gang of burglars who have operated throughout Canada, and for whom the Canadian authorities have been searching for months, is in prison at Philadelphia, awaiting extradition papers.

Five persons were killed and three injured by a fire at Saratoga, N.Y., which destroyed property the value of which is estimated at \$300,000, with insurance of about \$175,000.

In a collision between the whaleback Thomas Wilson and the steamer George J. Hadley, near Duluth, the Wilson was sunk and nine of her crew drowned.

British.

Eight coal miners were burned to death by a gas explosion at Bowdoin, Wales.

M. Santos-Dumont has abandoned his aeronautical experiments in England and will sail for New York shortly.

Lord Kitchener has been created a Viscount, and the King has sent a message to Parliament recommending a grant of £50,000 for his war services.

Hon. Michael Herbert succeeds the late Lord Pauncefote as British Ambassador at Washington, and Senor De Ojeda succeeds the Duke d'Alcos as Spanish Minister.

International.

Emigration from Copenhagen to the United States is assuming increasing proportions. The emigrants are mostly young Swedes, who are leaving for

America, partly on account of more stringent military regulations.

Lieut. Beaudic, acoustician in a naval balloon, at Toulon, France, fell into the sea and disappeared, although two torpedo boats were following to pick him up.

According to a census taken there are 17,180 Hebrews in India. Scarcey one-third of them are European. The rest are descendants of those who claim to have emigrated to India during the reign of Solomon.

The Gusygram volcano, in Caucasus, has been in eruption, and a number of shepherds, with their flocks, were burned up.

Herr Krupp has brought to perfection a gun capable of penetrating the heaviest and thickest armor plate he manufactures. Emperor William has witnessed trials of this gun, and has ex-

perimented with a gorged embroidered pall. Many eulogistic tablets were carried in the procession, and high officials followed in choir.

There have been further strike riots at Lemberg, Galicia. A detachment of Hussars charged a mob, and it is reported several children were killed. Some persons wounded during the previous rioting have died.

Prof. Hellprin, George Kennan, and Mr. Varian ascended Mont Pelee. They stood on the very edge of the crater and looked down on the incandescent mass within. It was the second time Prof. Hellprin had climbed the mountain. Mont Pelee is quiet, but great volumes of steam are rising from the volcano. The lower mud craters, however, are still pouring forth torrent. The Le Precheur district is said to be caving in, but this report has not been verified.



Pictures of West India.

This is a Banana Walk, in Jamaica. The banana tree gives one bunch and then dies, or is generally cut down. But other stalks are continually growing. A large bunch is worth about a shilling in Jamaica.

acted a promise from Herr Krupp to reserve it exclusively for the German navy.

Scientists who have visited La Soufrière, St. Vincent, say that at the western base a subsidence to a depth of one hundred feet has occurred for an area of a square mile.

The riotous strikers at Lemberg, Galicia, pillaged bakers' shops and carts, and were dispersed by troops. Several persons were injured.

The funeral procession of Li Hung Chang, to Tungchow, was two miles long. The coffin was borne by sixty

The Symbol of the Dove.

A special cable to the New York Times, from London, says that during the thanksgiving services at St. Paul's, the attention of many was attracted by the presence of a dove in the north transept, which must have seemed to all who saw it a happy omen of peace after the storm of stress and conflict. The London Times publishes the following poem by Sir Lewis Morris on the incident:—

It was peace, blessed peace, once again
That those jubilant voices would
hymn,
For the ceasing of sorrow and pain.

The eyes of the people grew dim.

The deep organ pealed, by the sound
Of the keen martial trumpets increased;

The thousands were kneeling around
King and noble, citizen, priest.

When, suddenly lifting my eyes
To the gloomy hall discovered above,
I marked, with a start of surprise,
The white wings of a hovering dove.

Blest messenger, come to our home!
It is peace, blessed peace, once again,
Again,
And Thou, Spirit ineffable, come,
As at Pentecost: come and remain.

NO NAMES, PLEASE.

A preacher in a certain town recently announced that he was going to deliver a sermon on "Hell, and who will be there." He immediately received letters from a lawyer, two newspaper men, three business men, two real estate men, two barbers, and three doctors, threatening to withdraw their support and sue him for slander if he dared to mention their names in his sermon.



Windsor Castle, England.

An hour's ride from London is this magnificent abode of Royalty, the history of which dates from the time of William the Conqueror, nine hundred years ago.

The Coronation

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

His Majesty King Edward VII, with His Gracious Consort Queen Alexandra, will be crowned King and Queen of England in Westminster Abbey, during the present month, amidst the plaudits of the whole Empire, and with the good wishes of a large part of the civilised world. Such an event is full of deeply instructive and impressive lessons. The Empire over which the King will exercise his Royal influence is greater in wealth and population, in natural power and moral influence, than any which have preceded it. Rome and Greece, Babylon and Nineveh, Egypt, in the height of their glory, could lay no claim to approach to that collection of peoples we call the British Empire, either in numbers or power. And vast as are the forces which thus to-day compose this Empire, there are many signs that they will become even greater yet. If the world should continue, it is possible, nay, probable, that great as have been the expansions of the last hundred years, for example, they will shrink into insignificance by the side of what the new century will witness. For while this may not be true as to geographical extension—though even that is not at all certain—it will be true if England continues at all, in matters of population, learning, and happiness.

An Exalted Position.

So that from this point of view alone the King must feel that his position is a truly exalted one. It is a commonplace of our day that Kings no longer rule—then only reign. I am not sure that it is so always. I am sure that it need not be so. I do not hesitate to say that King Edward, if it should be his royal pleasure to devote himself to the moral and spiritual benefit of the mass of his subjects—and the mass of his subjects are very needy and simple men and women—might create such an affection for himself, such a devotion to his Honor, that he would become the natural ruler of the Empire; and that, no matter what form he used to give effect to his will—whether Parliaments or other constitutional means—that will would be the supreme law. Whether, however, that prove to be so or not, it is a great, an exalted, an almost unparalleled position of influence into which His Majesty steps: On the part of the Salvation Army—scattered up and down his kingdom—I wish him a reign of prosperity—of national advance in all that can make men great and of general happiness in process of all that alone can make individuals happy. We are loyal citizens. We hate disloyalty, whether it be to the King or to the King of Kings. We gladly honor God and obey the King. We know how to distinguish between service and conscience, both how to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.

Our Supreme Sovereign.

For we are subjects also of another Sovereign. We have taken the oath of allegiance to One whom the Kingdom knows no end, whose Throne is from generation to generation, and whose dominion is from everlasting to everlasting. The Lord is the King for ever and ever. Mercy and Judgment are His habitations, and His Sceptre is the Sceptre of Righteousness. His law is perfect. Jesus Christ, the faithful Witness, the first begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the Kings of the earth, who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, to

him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. He is King.

But is He really our King? Has He been truly crowned? May we not find some lessons in the Coronation of King Edward which may be of service to our Royal Saviour, or which may, at least, help us give to Him in our lives His rightful place? Let us consider.

Crown Him.

1. First of all, it is interesting to note that it is the people, by their lawful representatives in the Church and State, who will crown the King. His Majesty will, of course, have a great part to play in the Royal pageant, and his family and friends who minister in no small degree to the splendour and importance and interest of the event; but the central act of the whole ceremony, nay, the very purpose for which it is observed, is the placing of the crown of England upon the one man who, while life shall last, is to be its lawful King, and that act must be performed by the persons selected to represent the whole nation, and in the manner already appointed by the law of the realm over which he is to rule. His Majesty might be undoubtedly in the Royal procession,

performed at the beginning of any reign was to make it quite clear and known to all men, by such means as were available, who was in reality the King, in whose name the laws were made, in whose name the people served and service were really due. Hence ceremonies of this kind were made as imposing as possible, were talked of and prepared for long beforehand, and were taken part in by as many of the people as possible.

This principle still holds good. No event that has occurred in England for a generation or more will be so widely spoken of, both at home and abroad, as the coronation. Embassies of the most gorgeous and imposing character are coming from every nation under heaven, and millions of the King's own subjects—whether at home or in the Colonies and Dependencies of the Empire—are to participate in the affair. The chief object of all this, I say, is to make it clear beyond a word or a thought of doubt that His Gracious Majesty Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria and descendant of the long line of Kings and Queens who have reigned in England and Scotland for a thousand years gone by, is really the King.

Who is Your King?

Ah, is it equally clear who is your King? Have you ever taken the trouble to make it clear? Do you go through life making on all you meet a definite impression that Jesus is King? Or are you among the doubtful band who leave always behind them a note of interrogation? I have known



The Coronation Chair.

crowning is to be witnessed by as many representatives of this and other nations as possible. The festivities and rejoicings are to be on a grand scale. The proclamations, and processions, and illuminations are to be such as all the world can witness. Every mountain-top in the old land is to be aflame; the cities of the eastern parts of the Empire are to be dressed after the Oriental fashion in purple and gold; the vast meadows and verdant plains of the New England which greet their Motherland to-day will be dotted all over with the King's colors; all the islands in all the seas will send back their fervent prayers that God will save the King; and the ships—that mighty floating England which has never known a fear—will sail into every harbor old ocean has with the Union Jack and the Royal Standard flying for all the winds and all the waters to salute the man Britannia calls to the hoist. What more can be said for or against it all. It can never be said that this thing was done in a corner. Be the King good or bad, be he worthy or unworthy of the trust and service of this mighty thing we call the British Empire, her sons are not ashamed to call him King before an onlooking world.

What Service Do You Render?

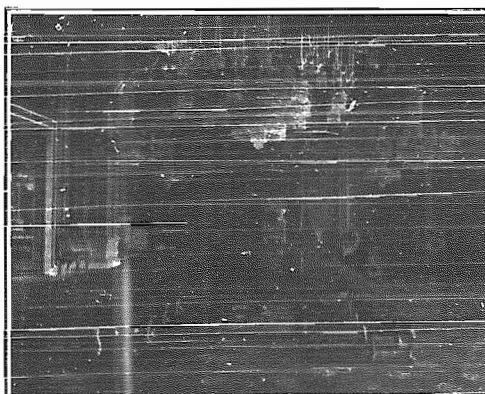
Has it been so with you and Jesus? Have you wanted your service to be done quickly? Have you yielded to that hateful theory that religion is not a thing for the street, and the mart, and the workshop, and the crowd, but only for the home and the privacies, and the holes, and the corners of life? Have you shrank from making a show of your King? Have you been silent in the public place when you heard Him evil spoken of? Have you just slipped away and left Him when they blasphemed His name and cursed His people? Have you shirked the uniform, and got away from the open-air meeting, and resolved to be moderate and not to "offend" your friends? Have you been ashamed of the King?

I am told that one little stupid government has announced that it will not send an embassy to the Coronation. Well, who cares? The nation will crown Edward VII just the same. Nay, if every other nation stopped to look the other way, and every other government refused to recognise the King, we should go forward just the same. "England knows her own," would be England's answer to all the world's sneers, and whom England chose to have she will not be ashamed to acknowledge or slow to maintain before the world.

Shall it be less than this with us? We who have a King before all others in power and love, whose Royal Sceptre is purple with His own blood, whose gracious hands are full of gifts, even for the rebellious also; shall we be ashamed to confess Him? Shall we allow the sneers, or the indifference, or the rebellion of those who do not know Him, who see no beauty in Him that should desire Him, to close our lips or stifle the witness of our hearts to His glory and His love? No, no, no! In these times, no! It would be cowardice, and agony, and treason. We have chosen the King—we will not, we dare not, fail to proclaim Him to all. He is worthy of our open acknowledgment. Oh, for shame, that we can have ever doubted, that we can have ever hidden our allegiance for one single hour! Let us up and publish it far and near. Call together your neighbors and friends, your workmen, your family; tell them all, tell them all what God has done for you and for them, and that you are going to crown Him King, so that all may know He is your Sovereign Lord.

Do it to-day.

BRAMWELL BOOTH.



The State Room, Buckingham Palace, London.

and without question, the man who ought to be the King, and yet if the nation rejected him and chose another, if the people for any reason refused him the crown, he could never really be their Sovereign Lord. Unless they crown him King of England he cannot be crowned at all.

It is even so with our King. Unless we make Him our King He will not rule over us. Unless we give Him the first place in our lives, and put Him upon the throne in our hearts. He will never get there. Unless we crown Him Lord of all. He never will be crowned so far as our kingdom is concerned.

I think that many people lose all by overlooking this. They wait for some outside pressure; they get the idea that religion will in some way be thrust upon them by some overwhelming experience; and that, in short, Jesus Christ will save them whether they do anything in the matter or not. That is a fatal mistake. He will do nothing of the kind. He will never be their ruler unless of their own choice they take Him and make Him King and crown Him for them.

The Definite Announcement.

2. The Coronation removes for all time any and every possible doubt as to who is King of these Realms. This removal of uncertainty was, I believe, one of the leading purposes which similar ceremonies served in the past even in the days of the present day. Before the spread of modern means of information and communication, one of the most necessary duties to be

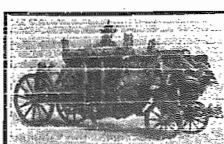
men and women, beautiful in many respects, kindly in nature, full of good desires both for themselves and others, who yet have left their friends and companions, their casual acquaintances, and even their own flesh and blood, in doubt about their allegiance to God, all their lives—and, alas! in the sharn severance of death itself, those who have been left behind have not been sure. What has been the secret of it all? This is that they have never given themselves. The great question, "Under whom King?" has never been really settled. They have not exactly rejected Christ, but they have never fully, definitely accepted Him as King and Lord of their lives. They have never crowned Him.

Oh, end that doubt!—out with it! what a realm of disorder and strife old England could become in one week if there was any real doubt as to who was King? What social unrest, what commercial disaster, what national weakness—and if not soon settled, what civil strife and agony.

And that doubt about your King—what uncertainty, what spiritual weakness and defeat, it has incurred you in—and, if it is not ended, what ruinous disaster lies ahead! Oh, end it! Go down on your knees now, and cast yourself on the mercy of your God, and take His Son to be your Lord and King for ever and ever.

A Public Ceremony.

3. The Coronation will be a public ceremony. There will be nothing about it which savors of harshfulness, or shame, or secrecy. The actual



The Historic Coach of State.



Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Readings

"Lord, increase our faith."—Luke xvii. 5. There was once SUNDAY. a remarkable character known as "Baldhead Bobby."

He got his nickname from the fact that he could not boast of a single hair on his head. Nevertheless, he was famous for his power and fervency in prayer. He would begin praying at one end of the chapel, and by the time he had finished he would find himself at the other end. One day he was asked by some unconvinced men why he did not get God to make his hair grow, as he was such a believer in prayer. He replied that he was sure God could do so, if He chose. They were equally sure that it was impossible. Bobby, anxious to convince them of the power of God, made the matter a subject of earnest prayer. To the surprise of all, the hair began to grow, and he was known thereafter as "Believing Bobby," instead of "Baldhead Bobby."

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii. 3. An archbishop, who had held a position of great importance under an English King, in reviewing his life, said that he would gladly exchange all the honors that had been showered upon him for the satisfaction of being able to save just one soul.

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."—TUESDAY. Heb. xii. 2. A little boy went to sea with his father, to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him, "Come, my boy, you will never be a sailor if you do not learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast." The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up, when he got to the top, and sat at what height he was, he began to be frightened, and called out, "Oh, father, I shall fall! I am sure I shall fall!" What am I to do?"

"Look up! look up, my boy!" said his father; "if you look down you will be giddy, but if you keep looking up to the flag at the top of the mast, you will descend safely." The boy followed his father's advice, and reached the deck with ease.

The only way to get safely through the world is to fix our eyes upon Jesus.

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Matt. xvi. 26.

A woman was dangerously ill. The doctor despaired of her life. Her friends urged her to give her heart to God. But so fixed was her mind upon the world that she replied to their entreaties by saying that if she could have the choice she would rather have seven years of pleasure and go to hell than get saved and go to heaven. To the surprise of all she recovered, and lived for seven years, when she sickened and died. Her death-bed was a terrible one. God had taken her at her word, and she died without a ray of hope. Her seven years were soon spent, and she entered upon an eternity of woe.

"Every word of God is pure; He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him."—THURSDAY. Prov. xxx. 5. An S.

A. officer was sailing from Bombay to England. Just before the ship started the pilot came on board. He was an infidel, but had once before done an act of kindness to our officer, rowing him to shore in his own boat. They recognized each other, and a few words were exchanged.

"Ah, I don't believe in your Bible," he remarked, "I would pitch it overboard."

"Well, why don't you pitch your charts overboard?" replied the officer.

"Because I know they are true," said the pilot. "I have steered many ships by them, and have proved them to be correct."

"And that is just the reason why I don't throw my Bible overboard," said our officer. "It is my chart, by which I take my reckoning, and according to which I steer my soul. It shows me where the rocks and shallows lie, where I may lose my vessel. I have studied my chart and piloted my own vessel, and hundreds of others, for the last ten years, and I have proved that my chart is true. I am a pilot of the ship Salvation, and when you are prepared to throw your charts (imperfect as they are bound to be) into the sea, I may think of throwing mine."

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh FRIDAY. for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of

glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17. It is said that at times an oyster gets a grain of sand which irritates its body, and that, unable to get rid of it, it covers it with some of the white, glistening substance with which it lines its shell. It thus not only protects itself, but converts the very cause of its suffering into pearls which are so valued that they find their way among the treasures of a prince.

Thus it is with the saint. We wonder at times why God permits such troubles and trials to occur, but in due time they are converted into pearls, which shall find their place among the treasures of the King of Kings. And commonly the biggest pearls will be found within the shells of those who have passed through the greatest sorrows upon earth.

"Be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, SATURDAY. with all longsuffering and doctrine."—2 Tim. iv. 2. An American preacher was once passing through a town and had stopped for the night at a respectable

Evolution of the Salvation Army

AUSTRALASIA.—Concluded.

THE SPIRITUAL WORK.

We could not well close this account without again referring to the direct spiritual work of the Salvation Army which, after all, however great and important and necessary are all other efforts, they all tend towards the salvation of the souls of men. We will, therefore, hasten to say that the care of the Salvation Army corps is the first and great responsibility of the Territorial Commissioner in the Salvation Army. In the Australasian command, the corps in Thursday Island, twenty-eight miles north of Cape York, in Torres Strait, composed of Polynesians, whites and Americans, and the corps in the gold settlement, farthest from Perth, and representatives of the mining industry, are equally his care. The corps in the capital cities, or in the back-blocks, in the mountains, or of the purlieus of the "Never Never" country, are his anxiety by day and by night.

This is true, not only in a theoretical but a practical sense. The Army is so constituted that the head is made sensible of loss at its extremities. The organization is so nearly perfect that if a soldier backsides or leaves the Army at Cue, in Western Australia, the record of that loss, in process of time, will filter through to Melbourne.

On the other hand, a baptism of the Holy Spirit given in Melbourne will possibly be felt to the uttermost parts of the Territory. The Commissioner must incessantly strive to inspire, to instruct and reprove, where necessary, his many soldiers.

If you want to see crowds of Salvationists and buildings jammed to excess, and souls by the score crying for mercy, then you only need to go to Australia. In three days, during a series of special meetings, twenty-five thousand persons gathered together. As we take up the latest Australian War Cry we learn that Commissioner McRae has conducted powerful meetings in a huge tent at Williamstown, a place eight or nine miles from Melbourne, where two thousand children were addressed by the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary. The meeting was characterized by deep spiritual fervour and a large number professed salvation.

We need go no further to show the rapid development of the Army work in that sunny clime. God's blessing rest upon our work in a remarkable degree, and prospects for the future are brilliant. We must now leave the land of the Southern Cross, and give our attention to other fields where the flag is flying.



Rotterdam, Holland, the Famous Centre of Dutch Commerce.

looking inn. Not long after his arrival company began to arrive, and a dance was commenced in the room where he sat. For some time he looked on silently. A partner asked him, he lengthened his pipe, "Certainly," he replied, rising and walking into the centre of the room, "but for some time I have made it a rule to do nothing without prayer." So saying he dropped upon his knees and began to pray with such power that some wept, others fell prostrate to the ground, and not a few cried for mercy. The dance was converted into a prayer meeting, and souls were saved upon the spot.

Our History Class.

III. THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

Ineed, Ferdinand was a great peacemaker, and a thoroughly good man. His wife, Anne of Hungary, was an excellent woman; and his oldest son, Maximilian, was so much beloved that the Electors readily chose him as king of the Romans. He was the first to be so chosen, without the coronation of an Emperor by the Pope to make way for him.

Good as were the imperial family, the Empire was in a bad state; indeed it had been growing backward rather than forward in all good things ever since the time of Friedrich Barbarossa. Then the Germans have been quite equal with the English, French, and Italians in all matters of improvement and civilization; but first the Italian wars called of their Emperors, and then the German wars quarrels about their election, and those who had small hereditary possessions were not strong enough to keep the princes and nobles in order. The greater princes and the free towns managed to establish some rule, and the Swabian League had destroyed the worst of the lesser independent nobles. Maximilian's arrangement of the circles did some good, but Charles the Fifth's reign had only made things worse, by adding quarrels between Protestants and Roman Catholics to all the rest. He had indeed subdued the German prince of Hesse, which took him into his favor, as he despised him. Almost every mountain had a robber noble, who tormented travelers, and ground down his vassals by his exactions. The nobles despised learning, and were terrible drunkards and gamblers, so that their diets and camps were a scandal and a joke to other nations; and they were mostly rudes and boorish, while the burghers and merchants whom they despised were well-read, thoughtful, cultivated people. Each prince and each city had fixed which parts of doctrine should prevail. In the Latin church the lands of the bishops and abbeys had been seized; but in some of these the nunneries were kept up and called Chapters, as a home for ladies of noble birth, who took no vows, but enjoyed the estates.

Ferdinand would gladly have improved matters, but he was already an old man when he became Emperor, and he died in the year 1564.

Conscience, revelation, and example are the street-lamps of God.

The least man is an essential part of God's great plan.

After all, it is better to walk on good, gritty ground than on a carpet of flowers. Try it for a mile, and see! And so for everyday journeying, for sturdy pilgrim feet, the human things, even the hard things of life are best. They furnish just the right friction for a foot-hold.

THE WAR OF 1864.

BROTHER L. S. NORRIS, OF BARRE, VT., RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES.

Having accepted Christ as my Saviour, and the Holy Spirit as my Comforter, many years ago, and being called as a soldier and assistant chaplain of the United States Army, and many times delivered by the grace and power of God from the jaws of death, I thought perhaps the readers of the War Cry would like to hear from me. I was the only son of Christian parents, and was taught from my youth to serve the Lord. When the war broke out, over thirty-six years ago, I felt it my duty to go, and God gave me the assurance that I should return home; so in January, 1864, I enlisted for the war in the 9th Vt. Regiment. After starting for the seat of war, with several other comrades, to reinforce the ninth, then



L. S. Norris, Barre, Vt.

in North Carolina, and arriving in New York city, we crossed the ocean about a hundred miles. The waves were high and boisterous, and nearly all the soldiers, numbering about two hundred, were sea-sick. I kept as quiet as possible on deck, trusting in the Army that saved the world. It took four days and nights to cross to North Carolina. However, we reached the shore in safety, some being almost exhausted by sea-sickness. For myself, I was happy in the Lord, and glad again to give thanks and take courage. We had then ten miles more to go by rail to our detailed spot. We met with many of the old soldiers at Newport, North Carolina. There we found many that tarried night in old log huts, one commissary building and magazine detailed to guard the railroad. Still nearly all were negligent to their country and God. The first night my home was dedicated to God by prayer, and many came around my bed to hear the voice of prayer and exhortation, for I never feared the face of clay. But we were not long comfortably situated, as the enemy was soon in pursuit of us, and came upon us unawares—three thousand against eight hundred of our men, and we were obliged to retreat. Still we held the enemy in check for half a day.

North Carolina was noted for extensive pine and pitch orchards, and many barrels of tar were strewn along the railroad lines. Near the barracks was a deep river and railroad bridge, and we were obliged to retreat across the bridge in double quick time. The majority of our men crossed the bridge in safety, rolled barrels of tar on the bridge, burst the barrels, and set fire to the tar, to prevent the rebels from crossing. I was one that went

Through the Flames, but God was with me, and I received no harm. It was then dark, till the missiles of death like hail passed over our heads, some were taken prisoners, and four killed, but the enemy did not pass over the bridge.

Soon the camp seemed to tremble. The musketry had blown up, and all our little houses were in flames; but our men escaped. Through the dense forest we were marching for reinforcements, weary with fatigue, and I was obliged to rest by the roadside in

some bushes, with a comrade to care for me. After resting for two hours, and consulting ourselves to the care of our Health, another, two of us tried to follow in the dark toward some light ahead, and found a dim light, where we hoped to lodge for the night. This light came from a log hut, where we tarried for the night. We roasted some sweet potatoes by the fire-place, as we had had nothing to eat since morning, and after a good night's rest we thanked God and took courage, and started on the trail of the rebels, which was obliged to take a roundabout course for Buford, some thirty miles from camp. About five o'clock we reached a Union hospital, where we stayed all night. The next morning we took the boat and met the regiment. We rested about two days, and in the meantime I saw the chaplain, and asked him what I could do.

"My dear brother," said he, "I believe God has sent you to assist me. I have more than I can accomplish, the distribution of Bibles, tracts, and papers, and in preaching on the field."

From that hour every chance I had was devoted to some work for God.

The next day we started with reinforcements on cars for the old camp. We found it entirely vacated, and every building burnt. We took old melted canteen tins to fry our meat in, our rifle pits and threw up breastworks for protection, and put up our tents. These we made carelessly near by, and we built houses and set up poles, and covered them with compressed boughs to shield us from the sun. The family altar was kept up in my tent, tracts, papers, and Testaments were distributed, and the Gospel was preached at every opportunity. Pickets were sent out in every direction, and some precious souls were brought from darkness to light and testified to the saving power of God. The boys often gathered around me at the hours of prayer, and I had the privilege of talking to them about their soul's salvation. I remember taking a trip to Havelock, where some two hundred were camped there. I held meetings in a large log shanty, where many seemed anxious about their soul's salvation. Near this place I frequently saw

Two Large Alligators

come out of the pond near the shore to sun themselves.

After going back to the camp I often preached in the open field to more than a thousand people. Here I got poisoned in some shrubbery, and was sent to the Buford hospital, where I was kept for three weeks, and again went back to the regiment.

We were soon called out on a navy expedition to capture a rebel picket post. We started in the night, to take them by surprise, but the waves were so high that we could not get there until nearly all the rebels had left.



Westminster Abbey.

Considered the most famous, beautiful, and historic of all English Churches. Here, or in the neighboring Westminster Hall, has been for eight centuries the coronation place of British Kings.

However, we took a few prisoners, some mules, and sent out our pickets waiting for the rebels to return. About eight o'clock at night we heard cavalry coming, and supposed they were rebels. They proved to be some of the Twelfth N. Y. Cavalry, who, supposing we were rebels, fired into us, but did not hit us. Our company also fired, and killed one Orderly Sergeant and some mules. Then explanations were made as to who we were, and the firing ceased. The next day we made arrangements to return to camp, and the Orderly was put in a coffin and sent home. When we got back to camp we had no more fighting in North Carolina. After that we had some good meetings and several conversions. After arriving at the camp my whole soul was drawn out for the salvation of souls, seeing so much sin and transgression against the laws of God. I held many meetings with the colored people, who almost danced for joy, and were eager to eat every word. Thus we were comfortably situated for six months, and God was pleased to save many souls.

From Newport we were sent to Newburn, N.C., but our stay here was short, and we soon took boat for Virginia. There we were almost constantly on the march. "Fight the good fight of faith" was my motto; prayer and supplication were not neglected, and after marching night and day for three weeks, crossing rivers on pontoon bridges, we camped with a large company on an elevated plain near the enemy's ranks. We could hear some

Four Thousand Mules braying in early morn, and later seven

different bands playing—rebel as well as Union bands. This reminded me of the hundredth company which John saw, only the most of our company had not their ranks washed in the blood of the Lamb. We could constantly hear the roar of the cannon and the bursting of shells.

From thence our company was called into line of battle on Chapin's Farm, in a large field of sugar cane, where we had to fight our way through shot and shell, the shell often bursting over our heads, the horses and men being killed at our side. We marched over dead bodies of men and horses until we gained victory and took a rebel fort. Surely it was a day of fire, but we held the rebel fort. After digging rifle pits, and making good fortifications against the enemy, shells came thick and fast from the rebels, but with not much loss to us. Then reinforcements of rebels came and charged on us, and nearly all the rebels were cut down in piles, as our men were well fortified in their rifle pits, and several rebels laid down their arms and were taken prisoner. Soon two other rebel forts were taken by our men, and victory was perched on our banner.

There I was taken sick and sent to the convalescent hospital at Point of Rocks, and being able to walk about I was glad of the privilege of visiting the sick and wounded soldiers, and pointing them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and many were glad to seek the salvation of their souls.

One dear Christian comrade I visited, as his life was fast ebbing away, often repeated the words, "Come to Jesus," and many were saved through his entreaties.

Soon after this we were able to get the privilege of getting a furlough to go home and vote for Lincoln. Though I was hardly able to ride so far, we ventured to take boat on a river some three hundred miles, to Washington, D.C., and from there by rail to Montpelier and home. Though I had lost thirty-eight pounds in flesh, and suffered many hardships, at the end of the war I was still a victor by the grace of God, and to-day—

"My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

Leisure hours are the best or the worst part of our lives.

Airing other people's faults never makes them smell any sweeter.

If there is no sunshine in your religion do not be surprised if nobody wants it.

The constant Christ in the heart makes the consistent Christian in the world.

The more a woman criticizes herself (or a man either) the less she will criticize others.



Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, with its memorials of some of Britain's Greatest Dead.



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Editorial.

Home Again.

A loyal welcome home was given to the Commissioner on her return from her lengthy tour across the continent and north to Alaska, during which she traveled over eight thousand miles, and personally conducted thirty-three crowded meetings, in which over three hundred souls came to the penitent form for holiness and salvation. The largest halls were secured in every place, and, almost without exception, were filled at every meeting. The impressions of the tour are incalculable in their far-reaching effects in inspiring and encouraging soldiers and officers to a more aggressive warfare, enthusing Christians to greater consecration and earnest endeavor to help others, and last, but not least, stamping on the consciences of sinners the baseness of their lives, as well as the need of pardon, and the certainty of forgiveness to the penitent soul.

The Red Knights of the Cross, who accompanied our gifted leader, made it somewhat easier for her than a tour of this description would naturally have been, especially so soon after her prolonged illness. Her Staff were delighted to see her returning with a healthier glow in her face, and a more elastic bearing.

The party, while touring under Brigadier Pugmire's command, also met with hearty receptions everywhere, and gave a good account of themselves. On the whole, the North-West and Pacific Provinces will long and kindly remember the visits of their Commissioner and the Red Knights of the Cross.

Incessant Change.

In the rejoicing over the home-coming of the Commissioner and party were mingled some notes of sorrow and pain over the gap made in the homes of two of our oldest and best-known Staff Officers, Brigadier Horn and Lieut.-Colonel Mrs. Read. After the sad news of the death of the only child of her sister, Commissioner Lucy, to whom she is deeply attached, the Commissioner received by wire the news of the departure of Little Violet, the only and passionately-loved daughter of Mrs. Read, just before embarking for Alaska; and again on her return to Vancouver the shocking intelligence of the sudden promotion of Mrs. Brigadier Horn was conveyed to her. It was on account of these bereavements that the Commissioner decided to dispense with the Welcome Tea which was to take place on the Friday. How deeply the great lesson of the uncertainty of this life impressed us! Change is going on all around us; how much we observe it even after a comparatively short absence of ten weeks!

It preaches to us forcibly the value of time, and the great need of doing our share in making every change around us to be in the direction of advancing the cause in which we are enlisted, that the great war against Darkness and Sin may be pushed incessantly to the glory of our great King.

South Africa.

Amongst the great changes that affect history and marks an epoch in the destiny of nations, is the longed-for conclusion of peace between Boer and Britons. At last the killing and maiming of man by man, and the making of widows and orphans in several continents, has ceased, and the opposing armies, that have learned to recognize in each other qualities of sterling worth, and characteristics worthy of admiration and affection, are fraternalizing. We can but rejoice in this indication which seems to augur well for the future of South Africa, and we pray that in the building-up of a new nation the best qualities of each composite man, survive, and righteousness may rule the new British possession in South Africa. The Salvation Army, which was in season during the war, will not be behind in peace to help in the endeavor to win Boer, Briton, and Ultiander for Jesus. Let us remember this portion of our world-wide parish especially in our noon-day knee-drill.

Welcome, General!

Our hearts bound with pleasure at the thought of soon again seeing our great Veteran General in our midst. For some time correspondence has been exchanged regarding his visit to Canada; the cable which announced the latter reached the Commissioner while touring in the West.

It is now reasonably certain that the General will visit several of the larger centres of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, and Ontario, although detailed announcements cannot be made until every appointment is approved of and definitely decided upon. The General will conduct the Annual Councils at Toronto at the end of October, and after touring in the United States, will find time to visit one or two cities in the West. We are certain that our comrades throughout this Territory will look forward with keen appreciation to the visit of our revered Leader, who is indeed the Father of this great organization, so marvelously blessed of God. The warmest welcome awaits you, General! Our hearts are yours, and our eyes long to see you.

Eastern Elation.

Bigest Event in Fourteen Years—Two Successful Weddings—S.D. Target Left Far Behind.

(By Wire)

St. John, N.B., June 9.—Sussex has been stirred by the visit of Brigadier Sharp, accompanied by Chancellor and troupe. Tremendous crowds. The barracks proving too small, the Odd-fellows' Hall was enlarged and packed for three great meetings. Biggest event for fourteen years. Seventeen souls came forward. Interest is at high-water mark. Troupe continues meetings. P. O. has officiated at weddings of Comrades Wort and Monteith, Woodstock, also Comrades Weir and Wilson, Annapolis. Both were successful affairs, Annapolis barracks especially over-crowded. The Eastern Province is away above its S.D. target.—Chancellor.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner and the Red Knights have returned, and were greeted right royally at the Union Depot on Thursday last. Delight is hardly the word to use; we were just as happy as human beings could be to welcome home again our brave and honored Leader, and the officers who had formed such a successful brigade.

Headquarters was a bee-hive of industry before their return, but it is never quite the same when the Commissioner is off the bridge. There is on the building a whirl of rush for the advancement of His Kingdom and the pushing forward of the work of this Army of Salvation throughout the Territory.

The wives of Headquarters Staff have done remarkable things for Self-Denial. Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, for instance, has collected the sum of \$214 in the city of Toronto.

The men have also had stiff targets, but they have all come off with flying colors.

A gentleman (Jew) conducting a large business in Toronto, sent a message to our Headquarters, asking that he should be supplied with a large number of girls who were Salvationists, as he could trust them.

Camp Meetings are now the order of the day. Brigadier Pugmire and Staff-Capt. Manton leave for Feversham, where the people will flock in large numbers, from all the country-side, to the large tent which will be erected.

Brigadier Gaskin and Staff-Captain Manton visited and conducted meetings at the Central Prison, Asylum, and Mercer Reformatory, and were very much pleased with the meetings.

The Toronto Shelter is to undergo a thorough renovation inside at once, and we expect to see a delightful improvement.

Brigadier and Mrs. Southall and family expect to take a tour through Dakota at once. The children have become very proficient in the musical drills, and the Brigadier and Mrs. Southall will supply the necessary music. It is needless to say the members of the family will form a happy combination, and be extremely attractive as well as much appreciated.

Twenty additional Candidates have been accepted this week: There is the prospect of a large number of Candidates for the September session.

Staff-Capt. Burditt and Captain Urquhart have had a good start at Belleville. Souls, crowds, and good finances are already very cheering.

The Chief Secretary leaves for the East and Newfoundland on Friday. Our comrades in that part of the battlefield have been looking forward with eager expectancy for some weeks to the visit, and the Colonel will receive a proper Salvation welcome.

Toronto has again done well for Self-Denial. The complete returns are not yet in, but there is every reason to believe all corps will go over their targets. The following corps have

Lippincott, \$580, or \$55 over target. Riverside, \$350, or \$30 over target. Yorkville, \$242, or \$14 over target. Dovercourt, \$65.25, or 25c over target.

It is with sorrow we learn of the death of the wife and child of Brother Fey, Moose Jaw, both within a few days of each other. Our comrade has our heart-felt sympathies and prayers in his sad loss.

Huntville is plagued with small-pox and our barracks has been temporarily closed. The whole populace have been compulsorily vaccinated.

Staff-Capt. Cass and his dear wife are passing through a season of great trouble. Two of their children have been stricken down with diphtheria. Everybody pray for their speedy recovery. The second child is now in the hospital very ill.

We learn that the East expects to have between twenty and twenty-five Candidates ready by the September session.

On Sunday, June 22nd, twenty-two corps in the Eastern Province will have a change of officers.

A cheering letter has been received by the Commissioner from English Thorold, laboring at Glen Nowell on the Upper Skeena River, B.C. An extract from the same goes on to say: "At the close of the third winter spent here amongst the Indians, I am glad to be able to report progress in every way. Our little village is prospering, and all the people are in a fair way or well-doing, as you would readily see if you could favor us with a visit, as we hope you will. About seventy persons are permanently settled here now, and not one has left me, nor has there been one backslid. The barracks as it stands has cost \$240 cash, and the labor has been given free."

The English has done a noble work in that off-set point of the vineyard, far removed from ordinary advantages, but his heart is in his work, and God is prospering his labor of love.

Major McMillan states with regard to Self-Denial, "We are not in a position to give you a full report of this year, but we are pleased to announce that the Provincial target is sure."

THE FERNIE DISASTER.

By Our Own Correspondent.

Little did the brave miners think that, when they entered the pit on the afternoon shift of Thursday, May 22nd, it was their last time. Such was the case, however, for out of the 175 men who went to work that afternoon, but twenty-four came out alive. From some unknown cause, at about 7 o'clock in the evening

A Terrific Explosion took place, completely wrecking two mines at once! Truly it might be said of it, "In such an hour as ye think not!"

What a sight is the line of coffins which continually goes along the streets of Fernie.

There are now about ninety bodies recovered, some being so mutilated as to be beyond recognition. Sergeant-Major Holmes is bravely working with Bro. Corruthers with the rescue party. We have great need to thank God that None of Our Comrades Were in the Disaster,

although two were working in the same pit, only on the opposite shift. But it has not left us without cause to mourn, for Treasurer McMillan's boy, Dennis, a lad of fifteen years, was in the mine on that fatal afternoon and was killed. They got his body out on the 23rd and buried him on the 25th. Treasurer McMillan and his dear wife feel this loss very keenly.

The telegraph office was packed, the day after the accident, with men despatching messages to their loved ones, telling them of their escape. Oh, that men would be as anxious for their safety for eternity! Already the merchants of the mining town have subscribed \$1,000 towards the relief of the sufferers, and outside help is fast coming in.

We are more than ever convinced that this life is short, and that man is only as grass. May the Lord of all comfort sustain the Treasurer and wife in their sad loss, and the poor widows and orphans who are left to face life's struggles alone.

Among the latest converts in the Ceylon Territory are a Mohammedan and a Buddhist priest.

TRIUMPHANT WIND-UP AT WINNIPEG.

Calgary's Unexpected Treat—The Albertan Metropolis Appreciative—The Commissioner and Red Knights Meet Again After Four Weeks' Separate Touring—Winnipeg Opera House Packed Twice on Sunday—Monday's Finish—Home Once More!

ALGARY was taken by surprise. A wire had been sent a week before the date of the Commissioner's visit, to give time for arrangements and announcements, but in some mysterious manner there was a delay of communication between the party who received the wire and the officer in charge, which worked out unsatisfactorily in giving Capt. Gilliam scarcely two days for announcements. In the meantime the Opera House had been engaged for a popular concert for the same night that the Commissioner visited Calgary, and other disadvantages were to be faced, and as many people expressed their regret at being unable to attend that night, the Commissioner decided to stay another night, and deliver her famous violin lecture at the Opera House on Thursday night. So on the Wednesday evening her beloved leader spoke to a goodly crowd in the Methodist Church on the work of the Salvation Army, and received an excellent hearing. The stories of work accomplished in the various branches of the Army most pointedly illustrated the address, which had nothing of the dryness of a mere recital of statistics.

Thursday brought with it heavy showers of rain, and much doubt was entertained as to the success of the meeting at night by the local people, but there was a very large audience in spite of the inclemency of weather. The people of the city elsewhere were enraptured with the Commissioner's lecture "in rags," and they freely gave expressions to their sympathy with the speaker and the organization represented by her. The local newspapers spoke in most appreciative terms of the meeting, as the following clipping of a lengthy report shows:

A Press Opinion.

"... Those who did attend were well repaid, and those who did not missed the cleverest lecture given in this city for a long time. For over two hours Miss Booth talked of her life and work in the slums of London, and during all that time you could have heard a pin fall. The recital was a very touching one, and there were very few dry eyes in the house as she told of Rescue Work in dark alleys and places where even the police would not dare to tread.

"The whole story, besides being centered around human nature, and the commendable efforts to uplift, was a beautiful work-painting. Some people objected to what they call Miss Booth's dramatic style of emanation, but of course all are agreed, that her word-pictures are a torch of realism that transports her hearers to the very den as she speaks about.

"Whatever objections anyone could have to her dramatic 'recital'—and there should be none—they must confess that her voice fairly rings with tones of sympathy and love.

"In all her word-pictures Miss Booth shows that she has a wonderful insight into human nature, and her message is dealing with humanity is due to this knowledge, gleaned from actual duty in life's school of sorrow. . . ."

Alberta is a booming city. Work is

plentiful and so is money. Many emigrants from all parts of the world are settling in the Northwest, and especially noteworthy is the better class of settlers who have come from across the border to the North-West Territory.

Captain Gilliam had things well in hand, and is elated with the prospects of having soon a new building in the course of erection. The people are helping liberally, having a very high opinion of the work of the Army and its officers. The band is doing well, and looked very trim in their red coats. Capt. Gilliam is anxious to have his corps well in uniform.

Off to Winnipeg.

1.30 a.m. found us again on the east-bound train, this time not to stop en route until we stopped on Saturday afternoon on the platform at Winnipeg. There the stately figure of our beloved Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, the snow-crowned summit of the graceful anatomy of the worthy P. G. Brigadier Sonthal, the shining countenance and soulful accents of Brigadier Pugmire, and the Red Knights of

up in old-time fashion with a general jollification.

Thus ended the meeting of the Winnipeg series, and of the entire tour, concluded with "Miss Booth in Rags," at the citadel, the theatre having been previously engaged for the Monday.

In spite of the celebrations in honor of the conclusion of peace in South Africa, the rainy evening, and the counter attractions, the audience was very gratifying, from point of numbers, attention, interest, and results.

The expressions of appreciation from the people who attended the Commissioner's meetings were numerous.

One lady handed Miss Booth a costly piece of jewelry to be sold in the interest of the work, and many eagerly sought to shake hands with her, and to say a word of thanks for blessings received.

Thus ended the last meeting of one of the most remarkable tours in this Territory. Many interesting details and side lights have been passed over, on account of limited space and time, but in another issue I hope to review the entire tour, and so will endeavor to round off the impressions given by the round off the impressions given by the

Within the past six years, since the Commander and Consul assumed the administration of the Army government in the U. S. A., there has been an increase of from 2,000 to 3,000 officers; or from something like 600 to something over 900 corps, outposts, and Social institutions; or from seven to twenty-one Rescue Homes, having an annual capacity respectively of 450 and 1,500 inmates. Six years ago Army stations affected accommodation to 600 individuals; at the present count 3,000 individuals are being nightly sheltered, and during the past year were furnished a round 3,000,000 lodgings. A system of fifty industrial houses also have been created, by which during the past year no less than \$120,000 has been earned and hundreds and hundreds of unfortunate men have been enabled to maintain their self-respect.

The Army colonies, subject to so many melancholy prophecies two or three years ago, have proved themselves all alive and more than all that was hoped for them.

Of money loaned, \$25,000 has been repaid; in two years two different colonists have been able entirely to liquidate the Army's claims upon them, though the limit set for payment was ten years, and there are some seven or eight colonists who, at the present rate of payment will have cleared their homes in from four to five years.

We congratulate the Editor of our contemporary on his promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, together with our other comrades who have recently gone up one.

West Indies.

Commissioner Cadman, who is on a visit to the West Indies, recently conducted a special service in the Kingston Jail, Jamaica, the Governor and Assistant Superintendent being also present. Four hundred and sixty prisoners attended—men and women. They were evidently sincere in their intention to benefit by every word. The Commissioner's message was sympathetic. Quite half the number present stood to their feet, as a signal that they desired to be prayed for and further enlightened by personal advice. The Superintendent said the prisoners should be given an opportunity of some personal talk with their visitors, but seeing the response was so great, it was impossible to deal with so many at the time and in the way suggested. The names had, therefore, to be taken, and individual counsel arranged for later. The kindness of the Governor and his assistant officials was very marked. In an interview with the visitors he expressed his confidence in the Army's methods and ability to deal with the criminal class.

Australasia.

From the Australian War Cry we gather "the Commissioner has decided, after very careful consideration, to promote a large number of field officers to the rank of Ensign and Adjutant, according to their length of service and special circumstances, and before he takes ship for the West the long list will have been announced. Probably in no period of the Army's history has there been conferred distinctions for service, loyalty, and faithfulness in such large numbers. The list indicates that no less than 176 officers are to be elevated in rank. Officers will be rerepresented in every State of the Commonwealth and New Zealand."

Our Army Empire.

Great Britain.

The General has just concluded some remarkable meetings at Ipswich, during which seventy-seven came to the penitent form, among the seekers of being a man who had been in prison no less than sixty times.

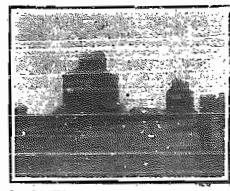
Commissioner Adelaide Cox, of Great Britain, is the sixth woman officer who fills that high position in the Army.

United States.

The Army's great Pan-American Congress has been very successful in New York City. A large and appreciative crowd assembled at the Academy of Music and listened intently to the addresses by Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker. Other meetings have been equally as brilliant, and the councils were superb.

A new thing for Australasia in the way of literature. The Commissioner has decided to publish a Local Officer for the Territory. It is to see the light of day in the month of June. It will be brightly written, appropriately illustrated, consisting of ten pages, and will embrace the Junior Company Lessons for the month, special sections for bandmen and Corps-Cadets, the whole being placed within the confines of a handsome cover.

Twenty-two Salvation Army stations have been opened in Germany during the last nine months.



Grain Elevators, Moosejaw, Man.

Around the Sea-Girt Isle.

ADJT. MCGILLIVRAY RELATES THE PERILS OF BRIGADIER SMEETON AND HIMSELF ON THE ISLAND.

I am sure many of my old comrades and friends will be anxious to hear how we like this beautiful land and its people. I will, therefore, give you some meagre outlines of our travels and manoeuvres so far.

Mrs. McGillivray and myself said good-bye to our beloved comrades in London, Ont., and after a few days at our home, we started on our voyage, with all the "Maccs" on board. We spent a few pleasant hours in Toronto, and stayed off one day in Montreal, where we met our illustrious and loving comrades, Major and Mrs. Terhune, also Adj't and Mrs. D. Creighton. Everything was arranged for our comfort. St. John, N.B., one of our old corps, was our next stop. In the absence of Capt. Laws, Capt. Cowan and his assistants made us very comfortable, and the meeting was a real pleasure. We met with old, tried comrades, full of love and zeal. Sgt.-Major Frank Lane, Secretary, Warrant Officer, Treasurer, and so many old faces we learned to love in days gone by. Father Wannacott is still there. Zicowen: the sisters also are working hard to reach the goal. Mother Morell was smiling as usual, and Sister McLennan and the others seemed as earnest as ever. We had a look in at the Provincial Office, and saw Brigadier and Mrs. Sharp and Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Howell, and the Provincial Staff.

A Weary Ride, but a Warm Welcome.

A long, weary ride brought us to another old battleground, New Glasgow. We were met by the redoubtable Adj't. Waggleson, and found his kind wife in readiness to make us happy and comfortable. It seemed to bring all "the old times" back again, for the Adj'tant and I were old schoolmates, soldiers at the "old corps," and together we entered the battlefield. Today we are still marching on to victory. We had a good week-end. Treas. J. S. S.M. and Mrs. Neil McLaren, Bro. Jim Sparks, and a host of other old comrades are still true to God and the Army. We say, "God bless New Glasgow."

All-aboard for Cape Breton. We had a very pleasant journey, saw Lieut. McDonald on her way home for a rest before leaving for Bermuda. She is a loyal warrior and will hold up the flag. At North Sydney we saw that substantial form and kindly face of Capt. Adam Lorimer and his smiling wife. They are a happy couple. The next day we met our worthy Adj't. McLean. His whole theme is the Army is Cape Breton. We were so glad to hear of the splendid progress the work was making. We went over to Sydney and found Ensign and Mrs. Allen all smiles. We then went to the station to meet the Glace Bay S.A. band. The clangor bell told us of the incoming train, and soon we met with one of the happiest crowds on earth. Band master Charles Cameron, Bro. John Cameron, Jimmie Ross, and other old friends met again in the flesh. I heard them call one man Bro. Nesoorthy, another the ex-man-o'-wars-man. The trombone man is an old Stellarton boy, and Capt. Weir is the famous snare-drummer. I must say we had a lovely time in the open-air, then went to North Sydney for a musical meeting at night. The building was a smash, and the meeting was led by Adj't. McLean. There were music and dancing of King David's kind. The Glace Bay band is a credit to the Army, and they can play with great proficiency. With regard to uniform, they will stand in the front rank with any of our Canadian bands.

A Fond Good-bye

is said, we bade the S.S. Bruce, and by early morning reached Port- au-Baquet, then take the train on to St. John's, Nfld. The mountain-tops all along the line were clad with snow, and the country seemed very mountainous and barren. In the spring-time it looked different than when the hills and forest put on their summer bloom. My heart went out to the many poor folks who live so far away from other

families, miles and miles in some cases. I must give you the most touching incident to me.

The first stop the train made was in a dense forest to take a supply of water, and the means of the water supply was by a wooden trough coming from the river some two or three hundred feet. The trough was split in the middle of a toiler's house. I presume it was a section man on the railway. Some six children crowded in the doorway to see the sight of the train; poor chicks, they were so happy, and no neighbors for miles and miles around. The mother was holding the cow, which was tied to a tree, for fear she would break loose, in fear of the puffing engine. I hunted out the last package of candy we had and gave it to the children. You can imagine the smile on their faces.

The Bay of Islands, and the passing along the Humber River, and the towering rocks and trees was one of the first pieces of scenery I ever saw. Soon we were climbing the altitudes, and by sunset we reached the famous Top Sails. Here we had snow banks held back by snow fences, in places the snow being three and four feet deep, and ice ponds whose ice had not moved as yet. How is that for the 1st of May? Hours passed away before the long journey of five hundred and forty-eight miles by rail came to a close, and by the time "St. John's" was called out, there was a fervent "Thank God!" from our hearts.

We were met by a happy crowd as one came to meet us. The first to meet us were Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton, and a few officers, who gave us a rousing welcome. We were soon in our home, at 61 Power St. The P. O. and his brave wife were with us for dinner, and I must say we felt right in love with our leaders, and every day the way grows brighter.

Adj't. and Mrs. Fraser, and No. 1. corps, gave us a warm welcome at night. The Sunday was spent there also, and we had a proper Newfoundland.

The second Sunday on the Island was spent at No. 1. Adj't. Ogilvie (an old Canadian) and the former Capt. and her company of Cadets in Training; we had a glorious time—they call them here a "fair wind and full tide." Nine souls at night, music and dancing. Again I "joined 'em." Oh, we had a time of times!

The usual routine of business was gone into by the kindly tuition of the P. O. and our old comrades, Ensigns Wood and Welch, the "school marm" dropped in. I was introduced to the ways of seal-catching, and turning the fat to oil; but enough said, we will pass on, as the funigations are very strong. All was wonderful to me; the catch this year was very successful.

The Maiden Trip.

The P. O. outlined a trip, and we soon said good-bye to our loved ones, and started off for Notre Dame Bay. The first stop is L'Isleport, in Burnt Bay, then the open boat. They called this one a "punt" head wind. We got across the bay and left our baggage, and walked round the shore some five miles, to Michael's Cove, then three miles more through a swamp, and still on we plod through.

Boat and Water Over Boot-Tops.

Such a sight we were! At last Campbellton was reached, and Capt. LeFrew did all in her power for our comfort. You all know Paul was the great pioneer preacher. I had to call out many times on the road, "Paul, were you ever there?" But there seemed an echo, "No, not this way." We had a nice time, but the men were mostly all in the woods. A head wind and heavy gale kept us here a second night. By this time Skipper (Captain) Henson arrived with two other comrades, to take us to Black Island. We were aroused by this man of toll at 3 a.m. Next morning we boarded this time what they call a "Trap Skiff," with oars eighteen feet long. I actually thought they were trying to joke me when they said they were oars, but such they proved to be. A dead calm, pull all

the way, and we called at Gull Island for lunch. We made a fire and had a cup of tea, raided the bread-box and poured the molasses out on paper. Etiquette was not there, but we had a lovely time just the same. I saw, en route to Samson's island, my first seal in the water. They called him a "Harp."

We were welcomed by Sgt.-Major Potter and his hospitable wife at this prospective new meeting, Samson's Island. We inspected the new barracks, did some business, had dinner, then were off again to Black Island. Mother Potter had the table laden with good things, more than we could eat. There was no use refusing here. We then went across the island, inspecting the barracks and school situated half way across the island. Fancy two or three miles to come to meeting, and knee-drill at that! We were soon at the quarters, at Bro. Hill's salvation home. They were full of smiles and joy at the P. O.'s visit, as the evening was the year. Father Henson was my ideal type of a fisherman, in his white pants, smock coat and muffer. Dad is a real "Salvation," his son is the worthy Sgt.-Major, and mother and daughter are in full harness.

A Heavenly Time.

The Black Island meeting was a heavenly time. Such a chorus as "Farther on the way grows brighter," set the whole place on fire. You should hear them singing, and see them dancing for joy! It was to me the sight of my life. God bless them. Capt. Moulton and some comrades from Morton Harbor came over for the meeting. In the glare of moonlight we crossed over after meeting, under full canvas, and were soon into the home of Sgt.-Major Matthias Jones, where we saw Lieut. John Miller, one of our graded tea-ers. Supper again—! tell you I never met the like. Fancy six meals a day, but when you face Newfoundland warfare you can eat any time. We were soon on our way across the Island, and reached Capt. Moulton's snug quarters at 2 a.m. Tired? Well, I guess so. Sleep? Yes, without rocking. We were very sorry in not being able to make our appointment on account of the weather. We started for Twillingate for Sunday, and soon reached the other side. Open boat again, and poor skippers! This time, but for Skipper (Capt.) Moulton, I should have been anxious for our safety. A good skipper is everything here. Adj't. Borgs, beaming with smiles, met us, and Captain Sainsbury and Lieut. Fisher, his assistants, joined in the welcome. Lieut. Miller was with us for the week-end. We had splendid crowds and the P. O. gave two powerful Bible readings on Sunday afternoon and night. Two souls came to the fountain and we had a proper wind-up. We enjoyed our meal very much. You may have read in the C.R. of a comrade whose name is Lieut. C. French, and he came over from Herring Neck with Skipper Loveless. After dinner we had another four-mile walk, then open boat again, beavry swells, and we had a proper taste of

"Life on the Ocean Wave."

Now for a bit of out-harbor dialect. We passed into the "Bite" and down the "Tickle," we hoisted her over and soon we were in the J. S. Sergeant-Major's comfortable home. Ten over, our own, and some others, including the Adj'tant and Ensign, were all converted. Four converts, who could not get to meeten the night before, were enrolled as soldiers, and ten Local Officers were commissioned. We had a bollen-hot prayer meeten and one sou for salvation.

Campbellton has some grand soldiers, some of whom we believe will make good officers. A school-teacher, who was converted a few weeks ago, left his school and took the train for to attend the meeten, indeed he was enrolled, but the train was late, and he did not arrive in time. She said she come back to Staff-Captain's meeten next week and be enrolled. We were sorry to find Bro. Thompson very sick, and do hope he will soon be better again. We did enjoy our visit to Campbellton very much. The people were disappointed that Mrs. McElheney was not able to be with us. We now turn south towards Hillsboro.—Farmer Tom.

carried our baggage from the Bay to Campbellton will not be forgotten. I think his name was J. S. S. Vical.

We loaded the trials for Port Blan- dford after a few hours' sleep, and headed to Port Blan- dford for the week-end by S.S. Dundee. The Saturday here was aousing success. Sunday, all day, good crowds and powerful meetings, with one seeker at night. The P. O. and Ensign walked over to the Island Cove for the afternoon meeten, and reported a good time. Capt. W. Reader has built a new barracks, for which he deserves great credit. The Captain is at home with the hammer and saw, and for devising tools is hard to beat. We closed our tour at Bonavista amidst shouts of praise and victory. We walked ten miles to Catalina to take the S.S. Ethie to connect with train at Clarenville for St. John's, and had a joyous unexpected of dropping in for the meeten at the latter place. We had a nice meeten and promised to call again in the near future.

Eastern Harvesters.

Thirteen Soldiers Enrolled, Ten Local Officers Commissioned, and Five Sculs Saved at Campbellton.

We had quite a few farms to go over on the train from Newcastle to Campbellton, where we were announced to hold two big meetens in the I.O.O.F. Hall. Adj't. Byers, the D. O., was going to lead us on, un he is a hustler, too. Capt. Mercer un Pemberton were all smiles as the train pulled into the Campbellton yard, un we hopped off.

"What's the prospectus, Captain?" "Oh, they're good; the soldiers are all on fire over the big time we're going to have."

After setting a good junkin at Bro. Cooper and Bro. Berry's, un gotten a bit straightened up, we started for the barracks. The orders was "All hands meet at the barracks, un march to the corner." Well, sir, what a crowd there was! about forty-five on the march, un hundreds of people crowded around the open-air, listenen to the music un spoken. The D. O. as well as the troupe, was on fire. Back we marched to the big hall, which was so crowded there was hardly a place to sit down, un the big stage of the I.O.O.F. Hall was crowded full of soldiers on converts: they fairly took the place by storm. It made us all feel good to strike comrades like that especially savvies, and just startin' out. We singed, un prayed, un talked, un then Adj'tant enrolled eight soldiers under the blood and fire flag. As the comrades stepped forward un took their places under the flag, it so took hold of the crowd that they clapped with all their might. After the Adj'tant and Ensign had spoke with great force, we went into a red hot prayer meeten, and finished up with four souls in the fountain.

The next afternoon we met at the barracks for a soldiers' meeten. A nice crowd was there. The D. O. and Comin' McElheney spoke. They called together again for their big march at 7:30 a.m. The big hall was crowded to the door, and the platform filled with Salvationists. Forty converts, who could not get to meeten the night before, were enrolled as soldiers, and ten Local Officers were commissioned. We had a bollen-hot prayer meeten and one sou for salvation.

Campbellton has some grand soldiers, some of whom we believe will make good officers. A school-teacher, who was converted a few weeks ago, left his school and took the train for to attend the meeten, indeed he was enrolled, but the train was late, and he did not arrive in time. She said she come back to Staff-Captain's meeten next week and be enrolled. We were sorry to find Bro. Thompson very sick, and do hope he will soon be better again. We did enjoy our visit to Campbellton very much. The people were disappointed that Mrs. McElheney was not able to be with us. We now turn south towards Hillsboro.—Farmer Tom.

Living deeds are the best seeds; they bear in all soils.

Don't ring the bell of prayer, and run away; wait.

Up the FIGHTING LINE

Kind Friends Assisted.

Ahmic Harbor.—On Wednesday we had a social and special meeting, which was attended by a large crowd. Rev. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Koukell, and a number of kind friends of Ahmic Harbor, assisted us with the program, which was enjoyed by all present. Cake and coffee, with ice cream, were served. We smashed our Self-Denial target. The people of Ahmic Harbor did well. God bless them.—Jeanie Bone, Capt.

Welcome Home.

Blenheim.—On Sunday afternoon we were reinforced by Bandman Wood, of Chatham, who rendered good service in the band with the snare drum. Our meeting at night, despite a Temperance Mass Meeting in the Opera House, was well attended. We had a good open-air on Saturday night, collection more than doubled. We were pleased to have our old comrade, Mrs. Palmer, with us on Sunday, after five months' severe illness.—Ina Groom.

Their Sins Troubled Them.

Carlton, N.B.—We thank God for one soul, who sought and found the Saviour, since last report. God is with us, and although we do not see many at the mercy-seat there are those who are troubled on account of their sins, and feel they should get right. We praise God for the way He has helped us in the past, and we mean to go on, believing for victory in the future.—Soldier.

Six Seekers and Three Soldiers.

Chatham, N.B.—Since last report we have had our Dr. O. C. Bowers, with us for a week-end. Three souls sought sanctification, and there was some hard fighting, but no sinners surrendered. Staff-Capt. Howell also spent a week-end here, when one soul came to the cross for sanctification, two for salvation, and three soldiers were enrolled. Capt. Miller has been laid aside for a few days with the grippe, but we are pleased to say she is at the front again. Our Self-Denial flag is going up. Victory is sure.—Sergeant-Major Harding.

Let the Revival Come.

Chestley.—Two prisoners have been converted since last report, and God has wonderfully blessed us. We are going to have the Hand-Bell Ringers with us soon, and we are believing for a revival.—L. Witness.

A Californian Visitor.

Cobourg.—We had a beautiful meeting on Thursday evening, Aug. 1, Lacey, of California, was with us. The open-air was much enjoyed by those who were standing around, and God blessed us abundantly in the inside meeting. We are believing for greater things in the future.—R. C.

They Came to Kneel-Drill.

Dresden.—We have had good times all week, and on Sunday a large number of the soldiers attended kneel-drill. The Lord is blessing us, and we are pulling down Satan's kingdom. Two precious souls came to the Saviour.

Roots of Bitterness.

Fewersham.—Our labors are again rewarded with one soul in the fountain, an ex-Salvationist. The lesson, entitled "Roots of Bitterness," Heb. xii. 14, 15, was an impressive one.—Correspondent.

Her All on the Altar.

Galt.—Last Friday night one dear sister laid her all on the altar, and we believe God has done a real work in her heart. Others are convicted, and we are believing and praying for them. We have smashed our Self-Denial target. The officers and soldiers went at it whole-heartedly, and

we can shout victory. Praise God! The finances are up-to-date, and the War Crys go like hot cakes. The Gait people know a good thing when they see it.—Mrs. Gooding.

Six Souls S.D. Sunday.

Glene Bay.—On Sunday, the first day of our Self-Denial Week, we had glorious meetings. One soul came to the cross at knee-drill, one in the holiness meeting, and we wound up at night with four more at the mercy-seat. We intend, by the help of God, to reach our S.D. target, and also to lead men and women from sin unto God. Watch future reports.—E. J. Strothard, Lieut.

Five Years a Backslider.

Hespeler.—Sister I. Blodgett, of Palmerston, spent the weekend here. Her singing was grand. The meetings were closed at ten o'clock with three precious souls in the fountain, one being a backslider of five years' standing. God bless and keep them true. We are more determined to fight under the flag than ever.—E. B. Dearing, R.C.

Habkirk, of No. 1, and his braves, gave us a musical meeting on Friday evening, which was very much appreciated and enjoyed by the French people. Ice cream and cake were served at the close. Capt. Newell has come to assist Ensign Cabrit in the work here.—Anel.

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War Cry All Sold.

Neepawa.—We are still fighting against sin, with Capt. Livingston and Lieut. Gardiner as leaders. Sunday's meetings were good. We are praying and believing for souls, and God is going to give us the victory. Our Self-Denial target is set, and with God's help we are determined to smash it. The War Crys are sold out weekly.—A Soldier.

Shouts of Glory.

Newcastle.—We have had a visit from the Evangelic Quartet. The people declared the meetings were real old-timers. The fight was stiff at first, and things looked dark, but while the Ensign was singing during the prayer meeting and waiting for souls to come,

joyable evening was spent.—A. Hal dane.

Five in the Fountain.

St. John's III.—On Sunday Mrs. Brigadier Smeeton and Mrs. Adjt. McVay were with us. It was a blessed day at No. 11, and at the close of the night's meeting we rejoiced over five precious souls in the fountain. Lieut. Blackmore, who is in charge, is doing a noble work. She is assisted by the Cadets from No. II. Training Home. Watch No. III. reports, for Lieut. Blackmore is putting things in first-class shape. Our motto is, "Never say die."—J. G. L.

The Commissioner's Return.

Vancouver. We praise God for the safe return of our dear Commissioner and Staff from the north. Truly we rejoice that we have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing her once more. We regret, however, that, owing to the short notice, many were not aware of the Commissioner's return visit here, consequently the attendance was not such as we would like to have seen. However, quite a large and appreciative audience welcomed the Commissioner at the City Hall, and enjoyed the masterful way in which the "Commissioner, Queen of the City," was handled. Her fifty words, her homely thoughts, eloquent and soul-inspiring truths she uttered. The audience gave rapt attention, drinking in every word, and save for the occasional prattle of some little ills, nothing but the heart-searching, soul-inspiring words of the Commissioner could be heard. The immediate visible results of the meeting were two souls, one a young boy, who, we believe, will make a fine and noble worker in the Lord's vineyard. But not until the great day of reckoning shall we know what influence for good the noble efforts of our dear Commissioner have been. The Vancouver corps is united in saying that the meetings held by the Commissioner and her Staff have been a great blessing and inspiration to us—yea, an encouragement to go on to greater heights. May God bless, strengthen, and long spare her for her noble work, and send her to us again soon, is our prayer.—H. N. M. N.

A Record-Breaker.

Westville.—Our Annual Self-Denial victory is a thing of the past, and victory is written across our banner. The people of Westville deserve honor and credit for the noble way they have donated towards the fund. Your humble servant went to present people in succession with only one refusal, and received thirty-five dollars. That's a record-breaker for me. Treas. Thos. Madden and Mrs. Jno. G. Blackwood did remarkably well to collect over twenty dollars each. Some prophesied that one hundred and thirty dollars was too much for this town, but I can assure you, it was the easiest Self-Denial effort the world took hold of. All hands are to be congratulated for the success of the effort. Ensign Cabrit, Donald, who is home, returned to part in the meetings all day on Sun. Aug. 18, when we drew in the net, God gave us the privilege of seeing one soul seeking salvation.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

The Hour opened, and in came three lads, who walked right out to the pentent form.

Larimore.—Three young men have given their hearts to God this week, and we are believing for more. We are also having visitors in our Self-Denial Effort. One sister-soldier visited one town, prayed in fifty houses, and brought home a "fat purse," much to our delight. We give our God all the glory.—W. B. Miron. Capt.

Smashed.

Lewiston.—God is wonderfully blessing our efforts, and backsliders are returning to the fold. Some of our soldiers are becoming candidates for officership, and our Self-Denial target of twenty-five souls has been smashed.

Capt. Lacey has a new harness and is working better than ever before. We are sorry to report that Mrs. Lacey is no better. May God bless her.—S. M. Sumpter.

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Encouraging.

Liverpool.—Capt. Murthough and Lieut. Clark are determined to hit the Self-Denial target. Our meetings are encouraging. We have good crowds and good order, and God's Spirit is convicting many of sin.—F. Jayne.

Musical Meeting.

Montreal French Corps.—The Army work, under the command of Ensign Cabrit, is going on nicely here. Ensign

the door opened, and in came three lads, who walked right out to the pentent form. There were shouts of glory all round, and souls were saved every night after that. One man sought Christ who had not been in a religious meeting since a boy. We are expecting some real good soldiers out of the converts. We are looking forward to a visit from Brigadier Sharp soon.—One of the Crowd.

Welcome to Capt. Redmond.

Somerset, Ber.—We are still fighting under the blood-stained banner of the cross. Ensign Sabine and Capt. Payne have said good-bye, and Captain Redmond has taken command of this corps. She is an enthusiastic soldier: her heart is in her work. There was a good crowd present to welcome her on Friday night. On Sunday Captain Prince, from St. George's, was with us. At night, when we drew in the net, God gave us the privilege of seeing one soul seeking salvation.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

Great Rejoicing.

Stratford.—Thank God we are all of one accord, trying to spread salvation. Capt. Fyfe and Lieut. Close are working hard, and their labor shall not be in vain. Adjt. Kenway arrived just as the town-peep were rejoicing over the South African victory. Our band produced fine music, and an en-

Successful Opening.

Whitney Pier.—The opening of this place has been a grand success. Ensign Allen, assisted by Capt. Green and Sister A. Dean, from Dominion, also a number of braves from Sydeny, fired the first shot on Sunday, at 3 p.m. The hall was crowded to the doors. There was deep conviction throughout the meetings. The collections amounted to over thirty dollars. Many people will come to the Army here, and we are hoping for a big break soon.—A. G. Ritchie, Capt.

"What Doth Hinder?"

By ENSIGN EASTON.

"Whereas, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."—Heb. 12: 1, 2.

PAUL had been enumerating to the Hebrew Church some of the many instances in the Holy Scriptures of those who had been enabled to patiently run the race that was "set before them," and though to some it had meant cruel mockings and scourgings, torture and imprisonment, yea, even death itself, yet they had triumphed over every foe, overcome every temptation, surmounted every obstacle, and been made mighty conquerors through faith in their God.

As a further incentive to perseverance, he reminds them that those ancient martyrs to the truth had not had the fulfilment of the promise in their day as the Hebrews had had. The coming of Christ was but a prophecy—something to be looked forward to in the future—but to the Christians in Paul's time, it was a reality. Christ had come and been manifested to them, therefore much more was expected of them.

It did not so with the Hebrews in Paul's day, how much more is it so with us! We have Gospel privileges which they never dreamed of! Opportunities of worshipping God, of proclaiming His truth, and being built up in our most holy faith of which they knew nothing! Oh, what privileges are ours! And how lightly esteemed!

"Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about" with this great crowd of witnesses: seeing that so many have gone before who have received God's grace to be the apostle under the most trying circumstances and in their hour of direst need, let us in our much more favorable conditions prepare ourselves for the race which is marked out for us!

Paul likens the life of a Christian to the race, which was a favorite Olympic game in his day: and as those who were to run took care to divest themselves of everything that would in the least degree impede their progress, so we prevent their winning the prize, so must we part with everything which would be a hindrance to our running the heavenly race. Christ Himself emphasizes the importance of this when

He said in His sermon, "If thy right eye offend thee," etc., and "If thy right hand offend thee," etc.

It is necessary, therefore, that, in the words of Paul, we lay aside every weight, or discard everything that would hinder our progress, or cause us to come short of what we might attain to, or to fall behind when we might be in the front.

What Are These Weights?

What heavier weight than Self? What more in evidence than Self? It worms its way into everything. Can we point to any action of our lives in which was not an element of selfishness? I hope we can, but let me tell you Self is the last to die!

Pride is an offspring of selfishness; pride of birth, of station, of environment, of intellect, or capability, of attainment! It is not to say that we are not to come into this world under more favorable circumstances than others, or have had more opportunities than some, or been blessed with greater gifts than those about us! Then why be proud of the fact?

Temper, an outcome of selfishness! Things do not please us—we fly into a passion. Our wishes are not considered, our plans are thwarted—we are angry! There are black looks, cross words, unkind actions, which are causes of the heat and welts which we inflict upon others, and while we have not cast aside.

How many friends have been separated, how many lives have been saddened, because of hasty words and actions in moments of anger! How many men, passion-possessed, have taken the lives of others, and had to pay their own life as a forfeit! Do not say you cannot help it. You can. God has given a remedy for this,

as for all other evils. The blood of Christ can take away even your temper!

Fear! What heavier weight, what greater bondage can a soul be under than to be constantly fearing what others will think? One of the devil's most successful methods of keeping young converts from making progress in the Divine life is by whispering into their ears some little suggestion as to what others will think of them if they do certain things. In nine cases out of ten this man-fearing spirit is the cause of the failure of those who start out on this way.

"From all the care of what men think or say,
Cleansing for me."

You will never obtain any comfort out of your religion until delivered from this bondage.

Jealousy is another weight which greatly hinders the progress of the Christian. The Bible says, "In honor preferring one another." We say, "No, let me be first. I am more capable of filling that position than the one who has been chosen." This kind of spirit is not conducive to growth in grace. Christ cannot work in the heart that is full of such evils. These weights, or besetting sins, must be laid aside. Then will the place that Christ should occupy. They dominate the life that should be free from bondage. They exercise the mastery over what should be God-possessed and governed by the Holy Ghost.

What might not he said also of envy, malice, hatred, doubt, unbelief, and many others, any one of which is weight sufficient to drag down the strongest soul?

There are old habits, unconquered passions, bridges not burned. Is this your case, or is your particular besetting sin one that has not been mentioned? Whatever it may be, beseech you get rid of it! Let the blood of Christ, shed for you upon Calvary, make you clean and pure, deliver you from every evil way, and make you a fit temple for the abiding of the Holy Ghost. Let these words be the burden of your prayer—

"Lord Jesus, let nothing unholiness remain, Apply Thy own blood, and remove every stain."

Love Must Fill the Heart.

Love to God, love to each other, love to the sinner. Paul said, in his letter to the Corinthians, "Though I speak with the tongue of angels and have not love, I am nothing." This is the fulfilling of the law. The first and greatest commandment is, "Love God with all the heart." The second is like unto it, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Love worketh not ill to his neighbor. Love will not gossip about his neighbor. Love will not say unkind things about his neighbor; but love will make the best of others. Love will not see the faults of others, or like them, or will not try to help. Love will love and will not do any thing but will none of these evil works.

Having, therefore, made preparation for the race, let us run with patience, keeping our eyes on the goal, not turning aside, no matter how enticing some other path may appear, or what voice bids us to tarry by the way. Looking unto Jesus. Ah, that is it! Looking unto Jesus.

How the very name of Jesus thrills the heart of His followers! Jesus, who for the joy that was set before Him—the joy of bringing hope to the hopeless, light to those in darkness, joy to the sorrowing, peace to the tempest-tossed—endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God!

What a Consummation!

After the suffering,
After the shame,

After the cross,
After the agony—

Set down at the right hand of the throne!

Through Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith, we shall reach our goal—weights gone, besetting sins gone, the race won! Is it worth striving for? Then get ready!

ONE MORE AT HOME.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. BRIGADIER HORN.

By LIEUT. STATA.

Once more our ranks on earth are broken.

Another spirit homeward flies,
Another "Well done!" has been spoken,
Beyond the skies.

To one more soul the fight is ended,
And at His feet her sheaves now rest,
Another voice in song is blended
Among the blest.

No more she sees "through a glass darkly,"
And sadly thus earth's mysteries trace;

Ah, no! life's way is seen most clearly
When face to face."

Another less on earth to help us
To push the battle to the gates;
But, oh, to greet us over yonder
Another waits.

For she's not lost, but gone before us,
To join the ransomed ranks above,
Who, in white robes, bask in the sun-

shine

Of Jesus' love.

The loved ones left behind she watches,
And guards their way with tenderest care,

Until at last at home they gather
To meet her there.

Lord, help us grip our swords more tightly,
And fight for Thee in joy or pain,

Counting as dross all earthly glory,
On earthly gain.

And following in the Master's footsteps,
We'll meet our comrades gone before,

Around Thy throne, where joys are endless,

And part no more.

To the Better Land.

Bonne Jesus—"She is gone." These were the words that caught my ear on the 22nd of April, as I entered the home of Brother Dresen Horn, who, like the Beloved Dresen Horn, who "was hovering over this little home, and at last it entered and bore the blood-washed soul of our departed sister to the place of the pure and holy."

Saturday our comrades met together for the funeral service. This was the first S. A. funeral in Bonne B. and the service was a very impressive one. A number of soldiers were with us from Rocky Hill, Hartford corps. Capt. Oxford warned the people faithfully, bringing to their mind the happy death of our departed sister. Capt. Ford, of Trout River, also spoke very effectively. We rejoiced in the glorious provision that was made for us through the death of Jesus, and promised to be true to God and the Army, until we meet our beloved comrades in heaven. May God's richest blessing rest upon the bereaved ones.

—A. Baker, Ensign.

The Salvation Army celebrated the 15th Anniversary of the beginning of its work in Holland, on the 8th of May. Its meetings took place in the Corporation Hall of Amsterdam. On the platform, under the flags of the seven corps of the city, Commissioner and Mrs. Clegg were seated, with Brigadier Van Rossem, Miss, and many field officers. The service which was most impressive, and a warm spiritual atmosphere was a characteristic of the day, as was shown at the close of the meeting, when nineteen souls decided to begin a better life.

We gave our readers a glimpse of the scene of preparation in London for our great Self-Despising battle, and now, perchance, you would be interested to learn just how it turned out in this great effort. Let me first of all relieve your minds of any apprehensions by announcing that London has had a sweeping victory. The S.D. target has gone away out of sight, and our flag is flying proudly at the top of the mast; in fact, last Thursday it looked as though our people would like to send it even higher than the pole would allow.

Since the effort started, in May, the collectors, big and little, young and old, have been hard at work, calling from house to house, climbing up into innumerable attics, following up their friends, and in almost every way imaginable, doing their best to gather together the dollars and cents to reach the magnificent amount of over \$425.

We are pleased to announce that the band has gone over their target by something like \$50, the Juniors have smashed theirs all to pieces, the brothers and sisters have done their share, and altogether we have exceeded our highest expectations. To God be all the glory!

Mrs. Bandman Pone and Mrs. Bandsman Kerswell collected over \$50 between them towards the band's target. Two of the Junior Sergeants collected \$20 between them, and one Junior collected \$15. Sergt-Major Andrew was the champion of the brothers, going quite a few dollars over his target, while Sister Covet headed the list for the sisters.

Thursday was our "recount" night, and excitement ran high as the returns came in. The late election excitement was not in it with us. The hall was well filled with an expectant crowd of soldiers and friends, all anxious to hear the results. As one and another sent up their report, Major Goodwin's face broadened with smiles, and when she arose to read the full report she was greeted with deafening applause. Such clapping of hands and firing of volleys as the name of each collector, and the amount they raised, was read out!

Adj't. Goodwin paid a very high tribute of praise to the London soldiers and people. Never in all her experience had she met with a more liberal response, nor heard so many kind words said about our work as she had while collecting among the people. The Adj'tant herself, with Captain Hitchcock, collected over \$200 with comparative little effort. The Adj'tant was pleased to say that the report will not attempt to report the same. We feel that God is with us, and this financial victory encourages us to look for greater things spiritually as well.—Amo Dies.

Naaman the Leper.

St. George's, Ber.—Triumphant week-end meetings, led by Captain Prince and Sergt. Dwyer, Royal Artillery. The meetings were well attended, and considering the state of the weather, and good attention was given as the Captain gave one of her interesting Bible talks on "Naaman, the Leper." At the evening service Sergt. Dwyer gave an interesting talk on "Naomi and Ruth," which was appreciated very much. Capt. Prince then took charge, and after a hard-rough prayer meeting we closed with five services.

—To God we give the glory. We are still working, and working for a revival in this town, and with such a leader as Captain Prince, who has the interest of the Kingdom at heart, we are sure to have victory.—J. S. S. M. Astill.

Major and Mrs. Glover have been cordially received by the comrades of Java. The voyage across the sea was rather an eventful one, but the hands of the Master were never far from us. The Major writes cheerfully of the meetings he and Mrs. Glover have conducted.

MEMORIAL SERVICE OF MRS. BRIGADIER HORN.

CONDUCTED BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY, ASSISTED BY MANY OF THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF AND STAFF BAND—FOURTEEN FORWARDS FOR SALVATION AND SANCTIFICATION—THE BRIGADIER'S INFANT DAUGHTER DEDICATED TO THE LORD—AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

The T. H. Q. Staff Band, clad in their scarlet uniforms, with leading officers of the Headquarters Staff, had barely taken their seats on the Riverside platform when the barracks was packed to excess. Shortly after, the Chief Secretary made his appearance, and Brigadier Gaskin opened the meeting by intoning out, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" To the sweet strains of music the large congregation sang heartily, and it could easily be foreseen that a blessed time was in store for us.

After prayers, which carried us far up above our surroundings, to the Throne of Grace, the well-chosen remarks were made by the General Secretary, as to the character and life of Mrs. Brigadier Horn. The battle had been fought, she had ascended to the skies, and was now singing around the throne.

The Staff Band then played and sang in turn, "It is well with my soul," followed by Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, representing married women officers. Mrs. Jacobs bore a loving tribute to the memory of our promoted comrade. At all times she had found her

An Affectionate and Sympathetic Sister,

one who could always find time to interest herself in the sorrows of others, and who was ever ready to comfort those in distress.

"We shall walk through the valley in peace," was then sung with feeling and force, all joining in the beautiful refrain. At the conclusion of the singing it was announced that Brigadier Horn would endeavor to say a few words. For a short time no word was spoken, the emotion of the Brigadier being too great. During this brief space of time silence was only broken by the

General Sobbing All Over the Building.

The Brigadier commenced by saying, "I feel I must try and say a few words here to-night. I am not able to say how much I appreciate the many messages of sympathy and warm handshakes I have received. During the last few days, as I have had occasion to visit Mount Pleasant Cemetery, I have been surprised at the number of new graves which have dotted the surface of the ground here and there, and have been forcibly reminded that life is earnest."

"I have been asked repeatedly how I feel. It has been a very hard question to answer. I need not say there has been a lot of feeling. A great big gap has been made in my life which I cannot explain."

"I have been pleased to hear many beautiful things which have been said about Mrs. Horn, in all of which I can bear testimony. Besides these, I would like to say something to-night that would touch each one, especially the married men and women. It is a pity that after our loved ones have gone that we feel there was a possibility of our being kinder.

The Little Things that Help to Cheer Life

might have been showered upon them more abundantly. But the past is dead and it is now nothinks to us except to give up the experience of what life consists of, and how we might improve the future."

"I hope, as we gather here to-night—I dare not say on this solemn occasion, except as it affects my loved ones here, and my little ones—that we will realize the importance of life. I would like to ask Mrs. Horn back. Postponing this life! she had her suffering in this life! I often thought more than her share. That is the reason than you have not seen her more often, and why I have not been more frequently with you. I would like, comrades and friends, for us to learn the lesson here to-night to improve our opportunities of doing good."

"There are so many souls who are heavily burdened with sin who seem to be waiting for a more opportune time to give their hearts to Christ, but it is only fallacy, and I sincerely trust that in this memorial service to-night they will settle this most important question."

"I know by my own experience that life is more or less filled with sorrows and hearts are torn, but He is acquainted with them all, and if you will but trust Him who gave Himself for us, they shall one day for ever cease in the beautiful Home He has prepared for us."

"The truths we have heard to-night impress themselves upon our hearts; then we shall be the better for this meeting. If there is a poor weary soul struggling against the Spirit of God, throw down at the feet of Jesus the arms of rebellion and come to Mrs. Horn's Saviour. Say, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"

PROMOTED.

Mrs. Capt. Cox, a Canadian Officer of Many Years' Standing, Goes to Her Reward.

A telephone message conveyed to us the sad intelligence that Mrs. Captain Cox, of the United States field, Western New York Division, had passed away to be with Jesus, at the same time requesting that Major Turner should go and conduct the funeral and memorial services. The Major, in company with Mrs. Ensign Hablirk, started shortly after for Sherbrooke, the home of our comrade, where a very sad, yet joyful, a triumphant funeral service was conducted.

Mrs. Capt. Cox had been ailing for some little time, although nothing serious was apparent. Arrangements had been made for her to rest at her home, in Sherbrooke, while her husband went to the North-West to transact some business matters which needed his attention. He had already started on his journey, and had arrived at Winnipeg, when she first reached him that her dear wife had gone to heaven. The Captain, although heart-broken, bore up bravely under the strain. The services at the home, in the Presbyterian Church, and at the grave were very impressive, and led many to think of their future.

The following extract is from the



field. On March 7th, 1887, she left her home for her first appointment, at Montreal II; following this came Quebec, Rock Island, Stanstead, West Winchester, and Renfrew. Upon her promotion to the rank of Captain she served faithfully at Picton, Parkdale, Whitby, Lachine, Chesterville, Huntington, Port Perry, Kemptonville, Brighton, Winnipeg, Selkirk, Brandon, and Winnipeg again, where she took ill and had to be removed to the hospital. After improving, she was appointed to Portage la Prairie; from there she received her promotion to the rank of Ensign and was appointed to Calgary. After one or two other commands her health entirely gave way, causing her withdrawal. Some time after this she was married to Capt. Cox. Her health latterly had considerably improved, and with her returning health she was anxious again to return to the battle's front, consequently negotiations were commenced, resulting in the Captain selling his house and taking an appointment under Brigadier McMurtry, at Punxsutawney, where, by the way, the Captain was successful in erecting a splendid S. A. building. From here our comrade went on furlough, expecting to go, at an early date, to an appointment. A few days after the news reached us that Mrs. Capt. Cox had gone to a higher and more important command in the skies.

The Captain and the beloved ones have our deepest sympathy, and we pray that God may sustain them in this hour of trial. We are pleased, however, to see that the family are reconciled to God's will, and although not understanding His ways, can say, "Lord, not my will, but Thine done."



THE LAST PHOTO TAKEN OF MRS. HORN WITH THE BRIGADIER AND THEIR FAMILY.

Following the earnest appeal of the Brigadier, prayer was offered. Then the Male Quartet sang sweetly, "Life's morn will soon be waning."

The Colonel then read from the 14th chapter of Revelations, commencing at the 13th verse, "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.'" The Colonel went on to explain that it was possible sometimes to leave a testimony on a dying bed a few moments before passing away, but sometimes it was not. However, as we are in life, so shall we be in death. If we live and work with Christ, we shall have the signs or marks of Christ upon us. A workman can be known by the marks upon his clothes, so in the case of the passing soul. We cannot give the Colonel's pointed address in the space allotted, but it was well and clear, and along those lines. After concluding, the Colonel dedicated Elsieira Mildred Horn, the two-months-old infant daughter of the Brigadier, to the service of God, which was extremely pathetic, during which scarce a dry eye could be seen. "When mothers of Salem," was sung by the congregation very sweetly, and the first hymn of the service.

Brigadier Pugmire called out for volunteers, and seven stood to their feet. The prayer meeting, which immediately followed, was

A Pentecostal Time,

fourteen coming out for salvation and the blessing of a clean heart, a sight making the hearts of men and angels rejoice.

Sherbrooke Daily Record :
"The death of the late Mrs. Cox, wife of John Cox, took place yesterday afternoon, from the home of her sister, Mrs. James Coombs, Rock Forest, to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church."

"The service at the house was conducted by Major Turner, of the Salvation Army, who came from Montreal to be present, and who was accompanied by Mrs. Ensign Hablirk, Lieut. Holliday, and a number of the members of the local corps. The friends and neighbors also attended the service. The service was conducted consisting of prayers, and the hymns, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and 'Rock of Ages.' The mourners were Captain Cox, husband of the deceased; Mr. and Mrs. John Broadbent, the parents; Alfred Broadbent, brother; Mr. and Mrs. James Coombs, and Mrs. Alice Shurteff. The procession came slowly from Rock Forest, and was received at the church by Rev. Mr. F. H. who, with Major Turner, officiated. The mourners were laid to rest in beautiful Elmwood, the final words of prayer arising and the touching hymns sung by the comrades of the dead around the grave."

Following the funeral service on Friday, the Major conducted the memorial service at the Y.M.C.A. Hall the following Sunday evening, a number testifying to the character and life of our late comrade, and we are certain that, although she is dead, her life-work still lives on.

Mrs. Capt. Cox had a long and successful career in Canada prior to her marriage and transfer to the American

As a result of the fifteen years of laboring in Holland, the Army has in the country : 45 corps, 315 officers and enlisted. 26 Local Night Shelters, which have received 103,223 persons, to whom 496,419 meals were given at a very low price.

The spirit of union and affection which united the officers in the country in the Commissioner to Lieut. in command, is wonderful and remarkable. The Army, which is much appreciated by all, has a glorious future in this blessed little country.

BRIEF BITS.

Only a good man can see good things in others.

The merry-hearted have a fortune that thieves cannot steal.

We must live for Christ here, if we would live with Him hereafter.

The weakest saint, on his knees, is too strong for the devil.

Do your best to-day, and you will be able to do better to-morrow.

Adversity gives the great man a chance to show how great he is.

Memory makes many payments for a good deed.

Learn to be contented, and you will know how to be rich.

OUR HUSTLERS

HONOR ROLL

Down goes Currell—Mrs. Adj't. Dowell
Leads—Hurrah for "Gipsy"!—
The Cadets Hot on the Track
—A Revelation in
Skagway.

Arab still wears the smile of the
conqueror. He is ten paces ahead
this week, and going grandly.

The Eastern Star is bound to excel.
It shines with 101 lustre this week.
The next three Provinces come 90,
80, and 70. —

Mrs. Adj't. Dowell leads with 283,
followed by Capt. Hockin, 271, Lieut.
Moore, 230, and Lieut. McLeod, 210.

Lieut. Currell has fallen! Oh me,
oh me! What a terrible thing! No
less than four other boomers are
ahead of her this week. Come, Lieut.
tenant, you surely won't stand this!
I have unbounded faith in you yet.

Who says the Red Knights are
more "certain" Knights? Look at
Welch's name under the Klor-
din list. Well and bravely done,
Gipsy. (I trust she will excuse the
familiar style of address. It's only
excuse is the fact that everybody else
calls her the same name.)

As the Cadets near the end of their
term, the pax gets hotter. Cadet
Darch is evidently intending to get
after Lieut. Currell as soon as she
reaches the field. Well, here's best
wishes to you, Cadet!

Ye worthy Editor was telling me
that in every house he entered while
staying in Skagway he found a War
Cry emblem hanging on the wall.
Good old War Cry! What a sight of
blessing you must bring into the
world! Oh ye boomers, never be
ashamed of these pages.

Eastern Province.

101 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adj't. Dowell, Halifax I.	255	Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	50	C.-C. Gerow, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. Moore, Sydney	230	Supt. Sitzer, Stratford	50	Lieut. Mander, Burk's Falls	25
Lieut. McLeod, Hamilton	210	Capt. Crawford, St. Thomas	50	Adj't. Balo, Ligar St.	25
P. S. M. Veinot, Halifax II.	156	Nellie Langley, St. Thomas	50	Sgt. Mrs. Bro. Parr, Sound	25
G. P. T. Westville	150	Lieut. Murray, Blenheim	50	Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	25
Capt. Martin, Fredericton	150	Verna Craft, Chatham	50	Treas. Miller, Bracebridge	25
Sergt. Illuston, Glace Bay	145	Mrs. Adj't. Currier, Guelph	50	P. S. M. Stundin, Bracebridge	25
P. S. M. Cabin, Halifax I.	125	Lieut. McLeod, Guelph	45	S.-M. Boyer, Bracebridge	25
Adj't. Wiggin, New Glasgow	125	Lieut. McLeod, Bothwell	45	S.-M. Mrs. Eowers, Ligar St.	25
Capt. Payne, St. John's	125	Capt. Yeomans, Wingham	45	S.-M. McHenry, Ligar St.	25
Lieut. Nunn, Eastport	110	Capt. Williams, Clinton	45	P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	25
Sergt. Wood, Hamilton	100	Reggie Rowe, Brantford	45	C.-C. Sheardown, Huron St.	25
P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton	100	Adj't. Cameron, Guelph	45	B. or L. S. M. Boomer, Huron St.	25
Lieut. Parsons, Chatham	92	Adj't. Goodwin, London	43	Capt. Calvert, Huron St.	25
Capt. Davis, Sussex	90	Mrs. Rock, Seaforth	43	Ensign Sherwin, Bowmanville	25
Capt. McFadden, New Glasgow	90	Capt. Hancock, Hespeler	43	Capt. Huskisson, Bowmanville	25
Ensign Wilson, Carleton	90	Ensign Hoddington, Ingersoll	40	Sergt. N. Grenville, Bowmanville	25
See. Stevenson, Calais	85	Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	40	C.-C. Emily Mills, Bowmanville	25
Lieut. White, Sackville	85	Mrs. Dowell, Palmerston	40	Capt. Patten, Orangeville	25
Lieut. Fewson, New Glasgow	80	Hannah Burns, Dresden	40	Lieut. Harton, Orangeville	25
P. S. M. Lovely, Parrsboro	80	Ensign Slocit, Woodstock	40	Mrs. Porter, Hamilton II.	25
Lieut. Holden, Newcastle	75	Capt. Patten, Wallaceburg	40	C.-C. Courtromanche, Norland	25
Capt. Prince, St. George's	75	Lieut. Martin, Peterborough	40	Lieut. Williams, Kincardine	25
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	62	Capt. Yeomans, Forest	38	Capt. Culbert, Midland	25
Capt. Chandler, Cannington	60	Lieut. Cook, Theford	35	Sergt. Nelson, Lindsay	25
Lieut. Riley, St. Stephen	60	Capt. White, Bridgetown	34	Adj't. Sims, Lindsay	25
Sergt. Armstrong, St. George's	58	Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas	32	Mrs. Adj't. Sims, Lindsay	25
Lieut. Legge, Woodstock	58	Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	32	Martha Robson, Fenelon Falls	25
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	55	Cand. Woods, Watford	30		
Capt. Blaughous, Liverpool	55	Sister Noe, Ingersoll	30		
Lieut. Clark, Liverpool	55	Adj't. Coombs, Petrolia	30		
E. Peckwood, St. George's	54	Lieut. Yeomans, Paris	30		
D. Smith, Campbellton	50	Mary Wissen, Simcoe	30		
Capt. Mercer, Campbellton	50	Capt. Coy, Leamington	30		
Adj't. Byers, Moncton	50	Maggie Chatterton, Brantford	30		
Capt. Smith, Moncton	50	Sgt. McDonald, Wingham	27		
Capt. Hudson, St. John II.	50	Hunch. Robinson, Wingham	27		
Ensign Knight, St. John III.	50	Mrs. Adj't. Coombs, Petrolia	26		
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III.	50	Lieut. Martin, Peterborough	26		
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton	50	Lieut. Garside, London	26		
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisburg	50	Lieut. Munro, Bothwell	26		
C. G. Craven, Glace Bay	47	Lieut. Christie, Petrolia	25		
Sergt. Place, Hamilton	45	Sister Lindsay, Stratroy	25		
Lieut. Ritchie, Bear River	45	Rose. Ellis, Dresden	25		
Capt. Wyatt, Kentville	42	Das. Chisholm, Dresden	25		
Lieut. Ginnivan, Kentville	42	Pearl Hardacre, Chatham	25		
May Turner, St. John V.	40	C.-C. Smith, Tilsonburg	20		
Lieut. Wood, Houlton	40	David Virtue, Wilmot	20		
Capt. Ebsary, Digby	40	Capt. Kitchen, Paris	20		
	40	Mother Broadwell, Kingsville	20		
	40	Ero. Musgrave, Wroxeter	20		
	40	S.-M. Graham, Thanesville	20		
	40	Capt. Bonny, Listowel	20		
	40	Sister Knapp, Ingersoll	20		
	40	Lieut. Beach, London	20		
	40	Ensign Helmick, Goderich	20		
	40	Capt. Bell, Freeport	20		
	40	Lieut. Matthews, Port Hope	20		
	40	Adj't. Moore, Peterboro	20		
	40	Capt. Cook, Peterboro	20		
	40	Lieut. Foley, Penetanguishene	20		
	40	Capt. O'Neill, Arapirica	20		
	40	Lieut. Duncan, Brookville	20		
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S. M. Ridout, Tilt Cove	20	Ensign Butler, Spokane	20
Sergt. Harry Fletcher, Scilly Cove	30	Bro. Salak, Spokane	20
Lieut. Matthews, Bonavista	30	Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Missoula	20
Mrs. Fynn, Ward's Harbor	30		
Jane Taylor, Carboner	30		
Sergt. Shepard, Clark's Beach	25		
Sergt. M. Bennett, Fortune	25		
Sergt. John Ash, Carboner	25		
J. S. S. Adjt. Earl, Charlottetown	25		
Mrs. C. Col. Cleary, Wm.	25		
Lieut. Lebow, Grand Bank	25		
Capt. Noel, Charlottetown	25		
Cadet St. John's I.	25		
Cadet James, St. John's I.	25		
Minnie House, Musgravetown	25		
Sergt. Honeyburn, Musgravetown	25		
Sergt. Crocker, Heart's Delight	25		
Lieut. Newell, Gooseberry Island	25		
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	25		
Cadet Connel, St. John's I.	25		
Sergt. Bunden, St. John's I.	25		
Lieut. Ebsary, Grand Bank	25		
Lieut. St. John, St. John's I.	25		
Lieut. Morris, Harbor Grace	20		
Sergt. Ash, Harbor Grace	20		
Sergt. Mavon, Fortune	20		
Cand. Moulton, Burin	20		
Sergt. Collins, Bambu	20		
Rhoda White, Low Cove	20		
P. S. M. Harding, Greenspond	20		
Capt. Brace, Shearstown	20		
Sergt. Gose, Shearstown	20		
Capt. Burry, Burin	20		
Sergt. Kirby, Burin	20		
S. M. Green, Arnold's Cove	20		
John Chapman, Arnold's Cove	20		
Alice Chapman, Little Bay Island	20		
Susie Braker, Brigus	20		
Sergt. H. Bruun, Musgravetown	20		

North-West Province.

43 Hustlers.

Sergt. Livermore, Winnipeg	154		
Lieut. Forbster, Winnipeg	115		
Ensign Collett, Rat Portage	100		
Capt. Blodgett, Lanesdowne	100		
Ensign Meekins, Fort William	100		
Mrs. C. Gill, Calgar	88		
Capt. Gamble, Moorhead	85		
Capt. Habirk, Medicine Hat	82		
Sergt. Messier, Winnipeg	80		
Capt. Anderson, Edmonton	77		
Ensign Hayes, Fargo	70		
Capt. Haugen, Devil's Lake	69		
Mrs. Ensign Wilkins, Grand Forks	65		
Ensign McLean, Port Arthur	65		
Lieut. Minar, Minot	60		
Mrs. Curtis, Portage la Prairie	60		
Lieut. Irwin, Carberry	60		
Sergt. Leader, Winnipeg	55		
Capt. Gandy, Fort Verde	55		
Ensign Wynn, Brandon	50		
Capt. Barrager, Brandon	50		
Lieut. Cook, Lethbridge	48		
Lieut. Wylie, Prince Albert	48		
Oscar Rice, Moosomin	45		
Cand. Stickley, Dauphin	42		
Capt. Scott, Regina	42		
Capt. Meyers, Grafton	40		
Lieut. McLean, Grand Forks	40		
C. C. Johnston, Bismarck	38		
Cadet Lewis, Selkirk	35		
Cadet Plester, Souris	35		
Capt. Taylor, Fort Verde	33		
Capt. L. L. Jones, Newell	33		
Lieut. Mansell, Emerson	30		
Lieut. Crosser, Edmonton	25		
Ensign Green, Moose Jaw	25		
Lieut. Nuttall, Grafton	24		
Adjt. Hayes, Lethbridge	22		
Sergt. Johnston, Winnipeg	21		
Sergt. Montromery, Winnipeg	21		
Lieut. Custer, Moose Jaw	20		
Lieut. Lenwick, Valley City	20		
Ensign Taylor, Carman	20		

Pacific Province.

32 Hustlers.

Capt. Johnson, Whatcom	120		
Cadet McCormick, Victoria	120		
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	120		
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Spokane	123		
Mother Hooker, Kalsipell	120		
Capt. Hurst, Vancouver	90		
Lieut. Johnson, Vancouver	85		
Lieut. Rodlands, Fernie	80		
Cadet Yerex, Lewiston	75		
Flora Pogue, Nelson	73		
Capt. Heater, New Westminster	73		
Ensign Southall, Nanaimo	62		
Adjt. Yerex, Great Falls	62		
Cadet Lewis, Great Falls	62		
Mrs. Rountree, Everett	50		
Lieut. Connor, Everett	50		
Capt. Miller, Greenwood	50		
Cadet Robinson, Greenwood	50		
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	50		
Mrs. St. John, Vancouver	50		
Sister Wright, Victoria	40		
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, New Westminster	40		
Capt. Charlton, Nelson	32		
Cand. Young, Dillon	31		
Sergt. Norbury, Spokane	27		
Sergt. McCormick, Spokane	25		
Ensign Scott, Nelson	25		
Lieut. McDonald, Snohomish	24		
Sergt. H. Riley, Spokane	20		

Territorial Training Home.

15 Hustlers.

Cadet Darch	77		
Cadet Jones	50		
Cadet Gilbank	43		
Cadet Henderson	35		
Cadet Davis	37		
Cadet Palmer	36		
Cadet L. White	33		
Cadet Oke	31		
Cadet Whales	26		
Cadet Courtemanche	23		
Cadet Clark	26		
Cadet J. W. White	24		
Cadet Parker	21		
Cadet McKay	20		
Cadet Richardson	20		

The Hygiene Class.

CHAPTER XII.

Care of the Sick—Every physician knows that in the majority of cases much more depends upon the care which the patient receives from his nurse, than from himself. A careless nurse has often turned the scale, which hung nearly evenly balanced between life and death, adverse to recovery. The following are some of the more essential marks which demand attention, though nothing can supply the native tact and grace which are necessary to make a good nurse:

1. Secure a constant supply of pure air from outdoors. It is not sufficient to open a door leading into another room. Cold air may be very impure. Be careful to exclude the air from the kitchen and wash-room as perfectly as possible.

2. Admit the light and sunshine freely. Direct sunlight is sometimes unpleasant to the patient; if so, shade the windows with white curtains, which will admit the light. In a few diseases it may be necessary to keep the patient in a darkened room for a few days.

3. Maintain an equal temperature. Merely fire is needed in the morning and evening at first. Register the heat by a thermometer held near the bed. The mercury should never be above seventy degrees. Old people especially need attention in this particular. A fall of a few degrees in temperature is often fatal to them. Avoid draughts.

4. The linen of the patient, and his bedding, should be changed every day at least. Daily washing will not be demanded in all cases, but the clothing should hang for several hours near a heated stove to dry and bleach.

5. The patient should always be simple and neatly dressed. Light food is usually the best. Comfort should be very sparingly added, if at all. Oatmeal gruel is one of the best articles of food for the sick. Fruit may be freely allowed if of good quality and ripe. Beef tea and broth will not sustain life. A dog starved sooner on a diet of beef tea than he would have done with nothing at all. Give food regularly, as in health: continual diet with milk, or any other food.

6. The patient himself should be kept scrupulously clean. The whole body should be washed several times a week at least. The mouth and teeth should be daily cleansed.

7. The sick chamber should be made pleasant by tasteful arrangement of its furnishings, by flowers, simple pictures, etc. Frequent change in the aspect of the room is desirable.

8. The patient should never be kept in a state of expectancy when a promise is made to him—fulfil it promptly.

9. Whispering or low talking in the sick-room, or adjoining rooms, will arouse the patient's fears unnecessarily. Avoid it.

10. Hasty movements in the sick room are always annoying to the patient. A calm, deliberate air on the part of the nurse insures confidence.

11. An enema for the night should be made before the patient becomes sleepy, so that he may not be disturbed. Otherwise, the movements

necessary in making the needed preparations may cause him to become so restless that sleep will be impossible.

12. All avoidable noise should be prevented. Creaking doors, squeaking boots or shoes, a swinging blind, or a rattling curtain, are intolerable to the sensitive ears of invalids. Coal should never be poured from the scuttle upon the fire. Bring it into the room in small parcels wrapped in damp paper. These can be laid upon the fire noiselessly.

13. If the patient can sleep, let him sleep. Never think of waking a sick person out of a sound sleep. Refreshing sleep will do him more good than all the medicines and baths in the world.

14. The covering of the patient in bed should be several light, porous blankets, rather than one or two heavy ones.

15. Strangers and visitors should be prohibited from entering the sick-room of a feeble patient. Visiting will often determine a fatal issue of the disease.

16. Water kept in a sick-room should be often changed. Never drink that which has been in the room for more than a few minutes.

17. Always wear a cheerful face. Do not look solemn and anxious, even though the case may be grave.

18. Never annoy the patient by questions, or too much conversation.

19. Always recollect that nature must cure. All you can do is to make the conditions as favorable as possible.

Domestic Hints.

To clean matting, wash it with salt and water, but no soap. Rub the way of the straw, but not across it, and wipe dry. The salt in the water prevents it from turning yellow.

Jam some soap will not only be much nicer, but will keep longer. If the scum is not taken off when it is made, but instead, it is allowed to boil itself clear, and is then poured into warm jars.

When ironing starched clothes with fringe, take a band of rather hot water, dip in the fringe, wring dry and shake. The fringe will then be ready to iron and will require no combing.

To set delicate colors, place a flannel bag full of bran in a basin of boiling water, allowing it to remain there until the water is cold, then wash the article gently in it with curd soap, and rinse quickly.

The juice of half a lemon in a cup of strong, black coffee, without sugar or milk, seldom fails to cure a sick headache.

Tinware can be cleaned readily by rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in soda; rub briskly and wipe dry.

To keep apples through the winter in a barrel, bore holes in the bottom and sides, and store on a dry platform, at least a foot from the ground.

In grating lemons, only the yellow part should be used—the white pit is bitter; or, if chopped, salt is preferred, a little sugar will assist the process, as it moistens, and so keeps the peel in a mass; in chopping it for perfume, salt, instead of sugar, helps in just the same way.

It pays well to do your mending before the articles go to the wash, as washing usually results in making the holes larger.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet room basins.

A sponge is the best thing to wipe down paint with, as it leaves no "stuf."

To renovate leather chairs, wipe the cushions with a slightly damp cloth, and then rub dry. Next apply the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth, and rub with a soft cloth.

To keep the dining-room table in a good, well-polished condition, rub it once a week with a mixture of one ounce of spirits of turpentine and one ounce of olive oil. Apply it with a piece of flannel cloth.

When there has been standing any liquid in a jug, it should always be carefully poured into another jug, leaving a little at the bottom, for this portion of the milk is said to be injurious to health.



For Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, as far as possible, assist women and children. Address: THE MISSING PERSONS' OFFICE, 100 Bloor Street, Toronto, and mark "Confidential". Any case should be sent, if possible, to George or myself.

3967. FRASER, GEORGE. Age 33, short and stout, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly worked at McIntosh's Mill, Toronto. Left there for the West, in March, 1902. Supposed to be in Winnipeg or Brandon.

Second Insertion.

3964. YOUNG, JOHN EDMUND. Aged 26, quite tall, dark hair, sandy moustache. Cooper. Wrote mother Christmas, '96, from 880 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, saying he was going West. May be in Klondike.

3965. CLARK, FRED BRUCE. Aged 24, medium height, dark brown hair, brown eyes. From 100 Bloor St., Hamilton, Ont., five years ago for Rossland, B.C. Last heard from at Rat Portage, in August, '98. Sister enquires.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

The oldest Salvation Soldier in the West Indies has been called away to Glory.

She was nearly one hundred years of age, and was born a slave. She was a grown-up woman in slavery, and has the lash of the driver's whip over her back. The fact she says the marks never wore off.

She was converted in her bed, she used to tell us, many years before the Army came to Jamaica. Some said it was the fanatic spirit she had, but it wasn't. Nobody seemed to sympathize, or help, or understand—indeed she hardly understood herself. But she spoke with God, or Big Massa, as she called Him, and her life became changed for the better.

With the Salvation Army work was opened at Port Royal. Mother Sterling came along and asked her to set down her name from the very beginning.

"How do you spell it?" we asked.

"I can never read or write," she replied, "but I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies."

Our work was not strange to her. God had shown her all, she declared, before we came. She was one of the first to don the uniform, and she never threw it aside. The old halibut jacket she used to wear would have graced a Salvation Army general if any portion of it had been left. When it was all gone she did the next best thing—she tied her head with a red handkerchief, which, she said, reminded people of the blood that had washed her sins away.

Not only was she a pattern in uniform wearing, but she was never absent from a meeting unless too sick to come. Nor was she ever backward in giving a testimony.

She used to creep to her last meeting at Brighton a few weeks ago, when she introduced herself to Adjt. and Mrs. Simons, who conducted it. "I was a slave to man, and a slave to sin, but now I am a slave to God!" This was a favorite testimony of hers, and will often be remembered now that she has gone on before.—W. J. Cry.



These Two Wanted to Join the Red Knights.

